

THE

ENGLISH PARNASSUS.

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Miss Carter,	Pratt,	

By the Rev. JOHN ADAMS, A. M.

The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
T' amuse, instruct, and to reform mankind. CHURCHILL.

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OF the various kinds of literary composition, there is hardly any, which has been, at all times, more cultivated, than that of Poetry. Poets have abounded in every age, in the rudest and simplest, as well as in the most polished and refined.

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"Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,

"And his affections dark as Erebus."

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THE
ENGLISH PARNASSUS.

SECT. I.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

FIRST, the Supreme doth highest rev'rence claim;
Use with religious awe his sacred name:
Assur'd he views thy ways, let nought controul
The oath thou once hast bound upon thy soul.

Next, to the heroes bear a grateful mind,
Whose glorious cares and toils have blest mankind.
Let just respect and decent rites be paid
To the immortal *manes* of the dead.

Honour thy parents, and thy next of kind;
And virtuous men wherever thou canst find,
In the same bond of love let them be join'd.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed,
Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed;
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend;
But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.
Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
To real feuds, and endless discords rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein,
 Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.
 With no vile action venture to comply,
 Not, tho' unseen by ev'ry mortal eye.
 Above all witnesses thy conscience fear,
 And more than all mankind thyself revere.

One way let all thy words and actions tend,
 Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.
 And ever mindful of thy mortal state,
 How quick, how various are the turns of fate ;
 How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll ;
 How soon impending death concludes the whole,
 Compose thy mind, and free from anxious strife
 Endure thy portion of the ills of life :
 Tho' still the good man stands secure from harms,
 Nor can misfortune wound, whom virtue arms.

Discourse in common converse, thou wilt find
 Some to improve, and some to taint the mind ;
 Grateful to that a due observance pay ;
 Beware lest this entice thy thoughts astray ;
 And bold untruths which thou art forc'd to hear,
 Receive discreetly with a patient ear.

Would'st thou be justly rank'd among the wise,
 Think ere thou dost, ere thou resolv'st, advise.
 Still let thy aims with sage experience square,
 And plan thy conduct with sagacious care ;
 So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure run,
 Nor wish an action of thy life undone.

Among the various ends of thy desires,
 'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.
 Firmly for this from all excess refrain,
 Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain :

Nor



Nor yet unelegant thy board supply,
 But shun the nauseous pomp of luxury.
 Let spleen by cheerful converse be withstood,
 And honest labours purify the blood.

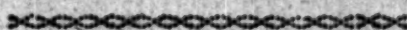
Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes,
 Home to thy soul let these reflections rise;
 How has this day my duty seen express'd?
 What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd?
 Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent:
 The rest will yield thee comfort and content.

Be these good rules thy study and delight,
 Practise by day, and ponder them by night;
 Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise,
 And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.
 Of beings the whole system thou shalt see,
 Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony,
 Whilst all depend from one superior cause,
 And Nature works obedient to her laws.
 Hence as thou labour'st with judicious care
 To run the course allotted to thy share,
 Wisdom refulgent with a heavenly ray,
 Shall clear thy prospect, and direct thy way.

Then all around compassionately view
 The wretched ends which vain mankind pursue,
 Toss'd to and fro by each impetuous gust,
 The rage of passion, or the fire of lust,
 No certain stay, no safe retreat they know,
 But blindly wander through a maze of woe.
 Mean while congenial vileness works within,
 And custom quite subdues the soul to sin.
 Save us from this distress, Almighty Lord,
 Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford!

But O! secure from all thy life is led,
 Whose feet the happy paths of virtue tread.
 Thou stand'st united to the race divine,
 And the perfection of the skies is thine.
 Imperial reason, free from all controul,
 Maintains her just dominion in thy soul.
 Till purg'd at length from every sinful stain,
 When friendly death shall break the cumbrous chain,
 Loos'd from the body thou shalt take thy flight,
 And range immortal in the fields of light.

FITZGERALD.



S E C T. II.

THE WISE MAN'S PETITION.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me :
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square ;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent
 I'll justly and gratefully prize,
 Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content,
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvy'd, I'll challenge my part ;

For

For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

FITZGERALD.

S E C T. III.

ON MENTAL BEAUTY.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose
With semblance apt compare :

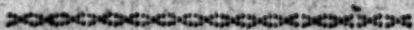
With semblance apt, for ah ! how soon,
How soon they all decay !
The lily drops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd ;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind ;

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
 These graces shall endure ;
 Still, like the passion they create,
 Eternal, constant, pure.

FITZGERALD.



S E C T. IV.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light ! auspicious guest !
 Source of all comfort to the human breast !
 Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,
 And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
 Though beauteous objects all around us rise
 To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes ;
 Though art's fair works, and nature's gifts conspire
 To please each sense, and satiate each desire,
 'Tis joyless all—till thy enliv'ning ray
 Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
 Then opens to the soul a heavenly scene,
 Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.
 Where dost thou deign, say, in what blest retreat,
 To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat ?
 Thy sacred presence how shall we explore ?
 Can a'rice gain thee with her golden store ?
 Can vain ambition with her boasted charms
 Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms ?
 No, with Content alone canst thou abide,
 Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.

When

When boon companions void of ev'ry care
 Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,
 And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there?
 Or when th' assembled great and fair advance
 To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,
 Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms around,
 And airs ecstatic swell their tuneful sound,
 Art thou within the pompous circle found?
 Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
 Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?
 Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
 Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source;
 From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
 From passions temper'd, and from lusts repress;
 From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
 And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind!
 Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
 Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow,
 Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.
 Whatever good our mortal state desires,
 What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
 From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
 Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,
 By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays
 A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

FITZGERALD

S E C T. V.

ON INDUSTRY.

QUEEN of all virtues ! for whate'er we call
Godlike and great, 'tis thou obtain'st it all.

No task too arduous for thy strong essay,
And art and nature own thy potent sway.
Inspir'd by thee to each superior aim,
We press with ardour thro' the paths of fame,
Up to the sacred top, and leave behind
Th' inglorious crowd, the herd of human kind ;
While wisdom round us pours her heavenly ray,
And old experience guides our steady way,
No anxious care, no furious lusts controul
The free habitual vigour of the soul.
Each part, each station gracefully we fill,
And bend and shape our fortune to our will.

The hero, down through ev'ry age renown'd,
With triumph, praise, and glorious titles crown'd,
By thee has gain'd his honourable spoils,
And mighty fame atchiev'd by mighty toils.
The sage, whilst learning studious he pursues,
By thee the stubborn sciences subdues ;
Through truth's wide fields expatiates unconfin'd,
And stores for ever his capacious mind.
Nor seek the lower ranks thy aid in vain ;
The poor mechanic and the lab'ring swain :
Health, peace, and sweet content to these it brings,
More precious prizes than the wealth of kings.

When

When whelming round us death's sad terrors roll,
 'Tis thou speak'st peace and comfort to the soul,
 Then, if our recollecting thoughts present
 A well-plan'd life in virtuous labour spent;
 If useful we have pass'd through every stage,
 And paid our debt of service to the age;
 If still we've made our duty our delight,
 Nor hid our master's talent from our sight,
 All's well, 'tis all by our own heart approv'd,
 From hence we pass by God and man belov'd;
 Cheerful we pass, to Heaven's high will resign'd,
 And leave a blessed memory behind.

FITZGERALD.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. VI.

ON BEDLAM.

WHERE proud Augusta, blest with long repose,
 Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark shows;
 Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height
 A stately fabric rises to the sight.
 Yet, though its parts all elegantly shine,
 And sweet proportion crowns the whole design;
 Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,
 Consummate art informs the breathing stone;
 Far other views than these within appear,
 And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
 For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds
 A dreadful din of heterogeneous sounds.
 From this, from that, from ev'ry quarter rise
 Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries;

B 5

Heart

Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,
A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway.

Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.

The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The dazzling glories of the envy'd great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng !
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)

And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain ;
In this small spot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice resign'd,
'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags confin'd;
His riches these—for these he rakes and spares,
These rack his bosom, these engross his cares ;
O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,
And hugs the sneaking pallion of his breast.
See! from himself the sordid niggard steals,
Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
And starves his carcase to increase his hoards ;
Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,
And stink in ev'ry corner of his cell.

And

And thus with wondrous wisdom he purveys
 Against contingent want, and rainy days,
 And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
 But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store.

Behold a sage ! immers'd in thought profound :
 For science he, for various skill renown'd.
 At no mean ends his speculations aim,
 (Vile self he scorns, nor covets empty fame)
 The public good, the welfare of mankind
 Employ the generous labour of his mind.
 For this his rich imagination teems
 With rare inventions and important schemes.
 All day his close attention he applies,
 Nor gives he midnight slumbers to his eyes ;
 Content, if this his toilsome studies crown,
 And for the world's repose neglects his own.

All nature's secret causes he explores,
 The laws of motion, and mechanic powers :
 Hence e'en the elements his art obey,
 O'er earth, o'er fire, he spreads his wondrous sway, }
 And through the liquid sky, and o'er the wat'ry }
 way.

All problems has his lively thought subdu'd,
 Measur'd the stars, and found the longitude,
 And squar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd :
 The grand *arcantum* once he had attain'd,
 Had quite attain'd, but that a pipkin broke,
 And all his golden hopes expir'd in smoke.
 And once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
 A scheme he finish'd for his country's weal.
 This, in a private conference made known,
 A statesman stole, and us'd it for his own,

And then, O baseness! the deceit to blind,
 Our poor projector in this jail confin'd.
 The Muse forbears to visit ev'ry cell,
 Each form, each object of distress to tell;
 To shew the fopling, curious in his dress,
 Gayly trick'd out in gaudy raggedness;
 The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams
 Of Pagan gods, and Heliconian streams;
 The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees
 Predestin'd wrath, and Heav'n's severe decrees;
 Through these, through more sad scenes she grieves
 to go,

And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on these reflect with kind concern,
 And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:
 If strong desires thy reasoning powers controul;
 If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;
 If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,
 If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,
 Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain.
 In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,
 Thyself, less innocently mad than they.

FITZGERALD.

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 S E C T. VII.

A THOUGHT UPON DEATH.

**T**HIS vain, my soul, 'tis impious all,  
 The human lot to mourn,

The

That life so soon must fleet away,  
And dust to dust return.

Alas ! from death the terrors fly,  
When once 'tis understood ;  
'Tis Nature's call, 'tis God's decree,  
And is, and must be good.

Wearied his limbs with honest toil,  
And void of cares his breast,  
See how the lab'ring hind sinks down  
Each night to wholesome rest.

No nauseous fumes perplex his sleep,  
No guilty starts surprise ;  
The visions that his fancy forms,  
All free and cheerful rise.

So thou, nor led by lusts astray,  
Nor gall'd with anxious strife,  
With virtuous industry fulfil  
The plain intent of life.

Pass calmly thy appointed day,  
And usefully employ,  
And then thou'rt sure whate'er succeed  
Is rest, and peace, and joy.

FITZGERALD.

S E C T.

## S E C T. VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE LADY.

**I**T must be so——on terms so slight  
 Does Heaven its choicest gifts bestow,  
 To point our fond affections right,  
 And wean us from the world below,

See, all extinct the vital flame,  
 She lies consign'd to sacred rest ;  
 She who but now, where'er she came,  
 Inspir'd with gladness ev'ry breast.

From this dark scene of human woes  
 Her spotless soul dismiss'd away,  
 The full rewards of virtue knows,  
 And shines in God's eternal day.

Celestial joys has she to share,  
 Whilst we our general loss deplore,  
 Since now of all that's good and fair,  
 The brightest pattern is no more.

But still the tears that copious flow  
 O'er her sad urn, are all in vain ;  
 Nor, when stern fate has struck the blow,  
 Can call departed life again.

FITZGERALD.

S E C T.



## S E C T. IX.

## ON SLAVERY.

**T**O man superior reason's light was giv'n;  
 Reason, the noblest gift of bounteous Heav'n,  
 Unfailing beam, bright intellectual ray,  
 Thou steady guide through error's devious way;  
 Say, wert thou first by gracious Heav'n design'd  
 To stamp injustice on the human kind?  
 Forbid it truth, forbid it ev'ry breast  
 That heaves in pity for the wretch oppress'd:  
 Yet reason, justice, mercy, plead in vain,  
 Still the sad victim drags his galling chain;  
 Still bows submissive to the tyrant hand,  
 That tore the sufferer from his native land;  
 Yet, ere the arts of luxury began,  
 They boasted liberty, the right of man;  
 Serene, they saw each peaceful morning smile,  
 Joy led their hours, and plenty bless'd their toil;  
 Their pleading sighs, their suppliant moving pray'r,  
 Daughter of Virtue! Royal Charlotte, hear!  
 Sovereign, yet parent, of this happy isle,  
 O'er whose gay plains fair plenty deigns to smile;  
 Where spotless peace extends her azure wing;  
 And liberty's enchanting blossoms spring;  
 Thine is compassion's sympathetic sigh,  
 The melting tear that beams in pity's eye;  
 The heart like thine, that feels another's pain,  
 Hears not distress'd misfortune plead in vain;  
 Be't thine to heal pale sorrow's wounded breast,  
 And lull each raging passion into rest;

Let

Let not the wretched slave in vain deplore  
 The long-lost joys he must behold no more ;  
 Then, while Britannia hails thy sacred name,  
 A deed like this shall swell the trump of fame ;  
 Virtues like thine shall wake the sounding lyre,  
 Each bosom glow with emulative fire ;  
 And, swell'd with themes like this, the poet's page  
 Remain admir'd through each succeeding age.

When Superstition rais'd her threat'ning hand,  
 And scatter'd horror round the bleeding land,  
 On sad Britannia's ravag'd plains she stood,  
 Drench'd in one fatal stream of martyr'd blood ;  
 O'er ev'ry scene, with fell delight, she flew,  
 And smil'd, exulting, at the dreadful view ;  
 Religion's sacred truths, though once design'd  
 To banish error from the darken'd mind,  
 Avail'd not here ; her pure celestial light,  
 Lost in the gloom of superstition's night,  
 Drooping, beheld the fatal torrent roll  
 Resistless terrors o'er the doubtful soul ;  
 Till bright Eliza came, whose matchless sway  
 Call'd forth the dawn of fair religion's day ;  
 Cherish'd the genial influence as it rose,  
 Dispell'd their errors and reliev'd their woes.  
 Shall Britain, then, who boasts th' unrivall'd deed,  
 Relentless, see the guiltless victim bleed ?  
 Amid the horrors of tormenting pain  
 He seeks for mercy, but he seeks in vain ;  
 Affrighted Mercy quits the guilty land,  
 Where grim Oppression waves her tyrant hand ;  
 Where, to the savage herd a harmless prey,  
 Sinks faint beneath the fervid beam of day ;

Or, haply trembling in the midnight air,  
 Sunk in the deepest gloom of low despair;  
 Or burning thirst and furious want, combin'd,  
 With wild distraction fire his glowing mind,  
 Till death restores to him eternal rest,  
 And calms the tumults of his troubled breast.

The British youth, torn from his much-lov'd home,  
 O'er foreign seas and foreign coasts to roam,  
 Amid the fury of the piercing blast,  
 The swell'd wave circling round the shiver'd mast,  
 While bursting peals of thunder rend the skies,  
 And o'er the deck the foaming billows rise,  
 Awhile in terror views the lightning glare,  
 With streaming horror, through the midnight air;  
 The storm once past, he gains the friendly ray  
 Of hope, to guide him through the dang'rous way;  
 Smiling, he bids each future prospect rise,  
 Through fancy's vary'd mirror, to his eyes.  
 Not for the slave; oppress'd with secret care,  
 He sinks the hapless victim of despair;  
 Or, doom'd to torments that might even move  
 The steely heart, and melt it into love;  
 Till worn with anguish, with'ring in his bloom,  
 He falls an early tenant of the tomb!  
 Shall Britain view, unmov'd, sad Afric's shore  
 Delug'd so oft in streams of purple gore!  
 Britain, where science, peace, and plenty, smile,  
 Virtue's bright seat and freedom's favour'd isle!  
 Rich are her plains and fruitful is her clime,  
 The scourge of tyrants, and the boast of time;  
 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth, possess'd,  
 That fires the hero's or the patriot's breast:

There



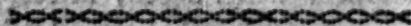
There, nobly warm'd with animating fire,  
 Our Shakespeare struck his soul-commanding lyre;  
 There scenes of bliss immortal Milton sung,  
 And notes harmonious issued from his tongue:  
 And bards like these shall boast in ev'ry age,  
 While native genius glows in Hayley's page;  
 While genius bids, to our enchanted eyes,  
 In Swift's own strains, a second Pope arise.  
 When truth, perplex'd in error's thorny maze,  
 Threw o'er the world obscur'd and darken'd rays,  
 Then Newton rose, unveil'd the beauteous maid:  
 He spoke, and nature stood at once display'd.  
 These were the souls that Britain once possess'd,  
 When genuine virtue fir'd the patriot's breast;  
 And still shall she protect fair freedom's cause,  
 And vindicate her violated laws;  
 Waft peace and freedom to a wretched land,  
 And scatter blessings with a lib'ral hand.

In Britain's paradise, by freedom made,  
 The tree of commerce spreads its ample shade;  
 Unsparring plenty bends the lofty brow,  
 And wealth bright glitters on each golden bough;  
 On some the richest gems of India shone,  
 And added lustre to the British throne;  
 Such as in gentle radiance might outvie  
 The melting lustre of the sparkling eye;  
 Such as in gay variety might grace  
 The native beauties of the lovely face:  
 On some the bud of health, in rosy bloom,  
 Call'd languid sickness from an early tomb;  
 Or bade contented labour calmly smile  
 O'er the rich prospect of his native soil.

One ample branch, superior to the rest,  
 Rose to the view, in splendid radiance dress'd;  
 On ev'ry leaf the tempting manna hung,  
 In golden dyes each beauteous blossom sprung;  
 The flow'rs of brightest hue oppression nam'd,  
 Yet from the tree the rank of commerce claim'd.  
 Led by the fair deceit beneath its shade,  
 With eager eye the slaves of avarice stray'd;  
 This fatal fruit was loveliest to the view,  
 That on the spreading tree of commerce grew;  
 They grasp'd the baneful load with fatal haste,  
 Destructive poison to th' enchanted taste;  
 Lost in the pleasing dream, awhile the soul,  
 Where avarice reign'd secure from all controul,  
 Slept calm; till conscience, with unerring dart,  
 Struck deep conviction through the guilty heart;  
 And bade reflection wake the feeling mind,  
 That turn'd to ev'ry scene it left behind:  
 There might they see the tortur'd wretch implore  
 Eternal vengeance on Britannia's shore;  
 In silent grief, amid distraction wild,  
 The wretched parent mourn her long-lost child:  
 These scenes appear when death, in terror dress'd,  
 Bids sharp repentance wound the shudd'ring breast;  
 When o'er your heads th' avenging thunders roll,  
 And quick destruction seems to snatch the soul;  
 When fast around the dreadful lightnings fall,  
 And guilt shall hear th' incens'd Almighty's call;  
 Then will his wrath destroy the life he gave,  
 And justice snatch the soul that mercy could not save.  
 Britain, be thine the glorious task to heal  
 The bleeding wounds thy wretched sons shall feel;  
Extend

Extend thy ev'ry noble pow'r to save  
 The wretch just tott'ring o'er an early grave;  
 For, noble were the deed that could impart  
 Reviving vigour to the drooping heart;  
 For, then no more the fatal branch shall bind,  
 In golden ties, the lost enchanted mind;  
 Tear ev'ry fibre from the verdant root,  
 And blast each dang'rous blossom ere it shoot:  
 So shall the praise of ransom'd millions rise,  
 In grateful incense, to the echoing skies;  
 So through the world thy matchless fame extend,  
 And wond'ring nations hail thee mercy's friend;  
 Thee, first in ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth,  
 That gives to glory or to genius birth;  
 Let thy avenging, thy all-conqu'ring, hand  
 Give peace and freedom to an injur'd land!  
 Glory be thine; and let pale mis'ry prove  
 The joys of friendship and the bliss of love;  
 And heav'nly liberty's celestial ray  
 Beam o'er the world one pure eternal day!

MISS H. FALCONAR.



## S E C T. X.

AN APPEAL TO OUR FEELINGS, WITH RESPECT TO  
THE NEGROES.

**P**ERISH th' illib'ral thought which would debase  
 The native-genius of the sable race!

Perish



Perish the proud philosophy which sought  
 To rob them of the pow'rs of equal thought!  
 Does then th' immortal principle within  
 Change with the casual colour of a skin?  
 Does matter govern spirit? or is mind  
 Degraded by the form to which 'tis join'd?

No: they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,  
 And souls to act, with firm tho' erring zeal;  
 For they have keen affections, kind desires,  
 Love strong as death, and active patriot fires;  
 All the rude energy, the fervid flame,  
 Of high-soul'd passion, and ingenuous shame;  
 Strong but luxuriant virtues boldly shoot  
 From the wild vigour of a savage root.

Nor weak their sense of honour's proud controul;  
 For pride is virtue in a Pagan soul;  
 A sense of worth, a conscience of desert,  
 A high, unbroken haughtiness of heart;  
 That self-same stuff which erst proud empires sway'd,  
 Of which the conquerors of the world were made.  
 Capricious fate of man! that very pride  
 In Afric scourg'd, in Rome was deify'd.

MISS MORE.



## S E C T. XI.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RRIENDSHIP is the joy of reason,  
 Dearer yet than that of love.

Love

Love but lasts a transient season,  
Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the secret pleasure  
Felt, when soul with soul unites!  
Other blessings have their measure,  
Friendship without bound delights.

DR. HAWKESWORTH.



## S E C T. XII.

### ON THE DEITY.

I Read God's awful name emblazon'd high  
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;  
Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;  
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze  
I hear the voice of God among the trees.  
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;  
In every creature own thy forming power,  
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul:  
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,  
Secure within the temple of thine arms,  
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;

When

When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate  
 I stand and stretch my view to either state ;  
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene  
 With decent triumph and a look serene ;  
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
 And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.



### S E C T. XIII.

#### ON PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

**I**F the soft hand of winning pleasure leads  
 By living waters, and through flowery meads,  
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,  
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene ;  
 Oh ! teach me to elude the latent snare,  
 And whisper to my sliding heart—beware !  
 With caution let me hear the syren's voice,  
 And doubtful with a trembling heart rejoice.

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,  
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way ;  
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee,  
 With equal eye my various lot receive ;  
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;  
 Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,  
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

MRS. BARBAULD.



## S E C T. XIV.

## ON BENEVOLENCE.

## I.

**B**EHOLD where breathing love divine  
 Our dying master stands !  
 His weeping followers gathering round  
 Receive his last commands.

## II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips  
 What tender accents fell !  
 The gentle precept which he gave  
 Became its author well.

## III.

Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart  
 Feels all another's pain ;  
 To whom the supplicating eye  
 Was never rais'd in vain :

## IV.

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,  
 A stranger's woes to feel ;  
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the power to heal.

## V.

He spreads his kind supporting arms  
 To every child of grief ;  
 His secret bounty largely flows,  
 And brings unask'd relief !

VI.

To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.

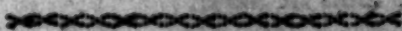
VII.

Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

VIII.

To him protection shall be shown,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those, who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love.

Mrs. BARBAULD.



S E C T. XV.

ON EASTER-SUNDAY.

I.

**A** GAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray;  
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

II.

O what a night was that, which wrapt  
The Heathen world in gloom!

C

O what

O what a sun, which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb !

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.

IV.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

V.

Jesus the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion mov'd,  
Descended like a pitying god,  
To save the souls he lov'd.

VI.

The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain  
To bind his soul in death ;  
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.

VII.

Not long the toils of hell could keep  
The hope of Judah's line ;  
Corruption never could take hold  
On aught so much divine.

VIII.

And now his conquering chariot-wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies ;



While broke beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

IX.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And Lord of all below,  
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.

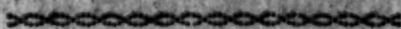
X.

And still for erring guilty man  
A brother's pity flows;  
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd  
With memory of our woes.

XI.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,  
Glad homage let me give;  
And stand prepar'd like thee to die,  
With thee that I may live.

MRS. BARBAULD.



S E C T. XVI.

ON THE POWER AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

I.

**J**EHOVAH reigns: let every nation hear,  
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;  
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,  
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim,

II.

He rules with wide and absolute command  
O'er the broad ocean, and the steadfast land:

Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,  
And all creation hangs beneath his throne.

## III.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light  
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night ;  
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,  
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life.  
Seasons and months began the long procession,  
And measur'd o'er the years in bright succession.

## IV.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,  
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;  
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light  
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night ;  
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,  
Num'rous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

## V.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers he dress'd,  
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast :  
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours  
The circling waters round her winding shores,  
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,  
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing,

## VI.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,  
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride ;  
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,  
Her maker blest'd his work, and call'd it good :  
The morning stars with joyful acclamation,  
Exulting sung and hail'd the new creation.

## VII. Yet

## VII.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,  
 Though built by God's right hand, must pass away;  
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,  
 The fate of empires and the pride of kings;  
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,  
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

## VIII.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,  
 Shall in his silent dark pavilion rest;  
 His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,  
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky!  
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,  
 And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

MRS. BARBAULD.



## S E C T. XVII.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

**H**EALTH to my dear—and long unbroken years,  
 By storms unruffled, and unstain'd by tears:  
 Wing'd by new joys may each white minute fly,  
 Spring on her cheek, and sunshine in her eye:  
 O'er that dear breast, where love and pity springs,  
 May peace eternal spread her downy wings;  
 Sweet beaming hope her path illumine still,  
 And fair ideas all her fancy fill.

MRS. BARBAULD.

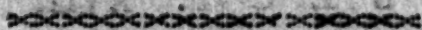


## S E C T. XVIII.

## ON PROCRASTINATION.

**B**E wise to day ; 'tis madness to defer ;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
 The palm, That all men are about to live,  
 For ever on the brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride  
 On this reversion takes up ready praise.

DR. YOUNG.



## S E C T. XIX.

## ON IRRESOLUTION.

**A**T thirty man suspects himself a fool ;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.  
 And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate

Strikes

Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;  
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found.  
 As from the wing no fear the sky retains,  
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,  
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.  
 Ev'n with the tender tear, which nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

DR. YOUNG.

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 S E C T. XX.

## ON TIME.

**T**IME is eternity ; pregnant with all  
 Eternity can give ; pregnant with all  
 That makes archangels smile. Who murders time,  
 He crushes in the birth a pow'r ethereal,  
 Only not ador'd !

Moments seize ;  
 Heav'n's on their wing : A moment we may wish,  
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still ;  
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport  
 The period past, regive the given hour.

DR. YOUNG.

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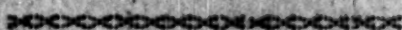
 S E C T. XXI.

## ON LIFE'S STAGE.

**L**IFE's little stage is a small eminence,  
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,  
 C 4 Where

Where dwells the multitude : We gaze around ;  
 We read their monuments ; we sigh, and while  
 We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd ;  
 Lamenting or lamented, all our lot !

DR. YOUNG.



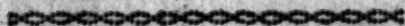
## S E C T. XXII.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

**J**UDGE before friendship, then confide till death :  
 A friend is worth all hazards we can run.  
 Poor is the friendless master of a world :  
 A world in purchase for a friend is gain.  
 Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship new  
 Is neither strong nor pure.

Know'st thou what a friend contains ?  
 As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers,  
 So men from friendship, wisdom and delight.  
 Hast thou a friend to set thy mind abroad ?  
 Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air  
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.  
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd ;  
 Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion.

DR. YOUNG.



## S E C T. XXIII.

### ON COVETOUSNESS.

**M**AN wants but little ; nor that little, long ;  
 How soon must he resign his very dust,  
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !

O my



O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!  
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!  
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?  
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling at once with eagerness and age?  
 With av'rice and convulsions grasping hard?  
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?

DR. YOUNG.

S E C T. XXIV.

ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

**M**Y prostrate soul adores the present God:  
 Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes my voice,  
 The nerve that writes sustains.  
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise.  
 The nameless He, whose nod is Nature's birth,  
 And Nature's shield the shadow of his hand;  
 Her dissolution his suspended smile!  
 The great first, last! Pavilion'd high he sits;  
 Looks down on all that fears, and spans immensity!  
 Though night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,  
 Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,  
 A mere effluvium of his majesty.

Down to earth's centre should I send my thought,  
 Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,  
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;  
 Goes out in darkness! If on tow'ring wing,  
 I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars!

The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to thee! O  
Great! good! wife! wonderful! eternal king!

DR. YOUNG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. XXV.

TO A LADY PLAYING UPON A LUTE.

**T**HE trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:  
Small force there needs to make them tremble so,  
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?  
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,  
Empties his quiver on the listening deer:  
Music so softens and disarms the mind,  
That not one arrow does resistance find:  
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
And aids herself the triumph of her eyes.  
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd  
His flaming Rome, and as that burn'd he play'd.

WALLER.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. XXVI.

ON LIBERTY.

**O** Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright!  
Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight!  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train.  
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,  
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight:

Thou

Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

— O give me liberty;  
For were even paradise itself my prison;  
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

ADDISON AND DRYDEN.

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S E C T. XXVII.

ON TRUE NOBILITY.

— **N**OBILITY of blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good.
The Nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inbred worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
Virtue alone is true nobility:
Let your own acts immortalize your name,
'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

~~~~~  
S E C T. XXVIII.

INVOCATION OF THE POETIC MUSE.

**W**HY art thou fled, O blest poetic time,  
When Fancy wrought the miracles of rhyme;  
C 6 When,



When, darting from her star-encircled throne,  
 Her poet's eye commanded worlds unknown;  
 When, by her fiat made a mimic god,  
 He saw existence waiting on his nod,  
 And at his pleasure into being brought  
 New shadowy hosts, the vassals of his thought,  
 In Joy's gay garb, in Terror's dread array,  
 Darker than night and brighter than the day:  
 Who, at his bidding, thro' the wilds of air,  
 Rais'd willing mortals far from earthly care,  
 And led them wondering through his wide domain,  
 Beyond the bounds of Nature's narrow reign;  
 While their rapt spirits, in the various flight,  
 Shook with successive thrills of new delight?

Return, sweet season, grac'd with fiction's flowers,  
 Let not cold system cramp thy genial powers!  
 Shall mild Morality, in garb uncouth,  
 The housewife garb of plain and homely truth,  
 Robb'd by stern Method of her rosy crown,  
 Chill her faint votaries by a wintry frown?  
 No, thou sweet friend of man, as suits thee best,  
 Shine forth in Fable's rich-embroider'd vest!  
 O make my verse thy vehicle, thy arms  
 To spread o'er social life thy potent charms!  
 And thou, *Sophrasyme*, mysterious sprite!  
 If haply I may trace thy steps aright,  
 Roving thro' paths untrod by mortal feet,  
 To paint for human eyes the heavenly seat,  
 Shed on my soul some portion of that power,  
 Which sav'd\* *Serena* in the trying hour,

\* The heroine of the Poem.

To bear those trials, which, however hard,  
 As Bards all tell us, may befall the bard;  
 The Fop's pert jest, the Critic's frown severe,  
 Learning's proud cant, with Envy's artful sneer,  
 And, the vex'd Poet's last and worst disgrace,  
 His cold blank Bookseller's rhyme-freezing face.  
 Hence! ye dark omens, that to spleen belong,  
 Ye shall not check the current of my song,  
 While Beauty's lovely race, for whom I sing,  
 Fire my warm hand to strike the ready string.

HAYLEY.

~~~~~  
 S E C T. XXIX.

SOPHROSYNE EXHIBITS DELIGHTFUL SCENES TO
 THE VIEW OF SERENA.

THESE precincts past, now hand in hand they came
 To the rich fabric of majestic frame;
 Instinct with joy their sovereign to behold,
 The gates of massive adamant unfold!
 And, as the gently-moving valves unclosed,
 Mysterious music from their motion flows;
 The airy notes thro' all the palace roam,
 And dulcet echoes fill the festive dome:
 A gorgeous hall amaz'd *Serena's* eyes,
 Compar'd to which, in splendour, strength, and size,
 The noblest works of which tradition sings,
 Judaic shrine, or seat of Memphian kings,
 Would seem more humble than the waxen cell
 In which the skilful Bee is proud to dwell.

Here sits a power, in whose angelic face
 Beauty is sweeten'd by maternal grace ;
 Her radiant seat, surpassing mortal art,
 Supports an emblem of her liberal heart,
 A Pelican, who rears her callow brood,
 And from her vitals seems to draw their food.
 Around this spirit flock a filial host,
 Who bless her empire, and her guidance boast.
 Here every Science, all the Arts attend,
 In her they hail their parent and their friend ;
 Each to her presence brings the happy few,
 Whose dearest glory from her favour grew.
 Here, in her simple charms, with youthful fire,,
 Proud to display the magic of her lyre,
 Soul-soothing Harmony presents her band ;
 Beside her Orpheus and Amphion stand.
 Here, mild Philosophy, whose thoughtful frown
 Is sweetly shaded by her olive crown,
 (In all her attic elegance array'd,
 Strong to convince, and gentle to persuade)
 To her, whose breath inspir'd his every rule,,
 Leads the blest Sire of the Socratic school.
 Each animating bard and moral sage,
 The heaven-taught minds of every clime and age,,
 Who soften'd manners, and refin'd the soul,
 Flock to his presence, as to glory's goal ;
 And, as the mother's heart, that yearns to bless
 The rival innocents that round her press,
 Delights to see them, as her love they share,
 Sport in her sight, and flourish by her care ;
 Fondly responsive to their every call,
 Tender of each, and provident for all ;

So this sweet image of Celestial Grace,
 Who sits encircled by her lovely race,
 To every Science vital strength imparts,
 And rears the circle of the Social Arts;
 With such solicitude she gives to each,
 Powers of sublimer aim and wider reach.

And now *Sophrosyne*, who near her prest,
 Thus spoke her title to her earthly guest:
 "Behold the honour'd Form, without whose aid
 "My strength must vanish, and my glory fade
 "Source of my being, and my life's support
 "*Eunoia* call'd in this celestial court,
 "Benevolence the name she bears on earth,
 "The guard of weakness, and the friend of worth."

She ended: and the mild maternal form
 Embrac'd *Serena* with a smile as warm
 As the gay spirit Vegetation wears,
 When she to crown her favourite nymph prepares,
 When pleas'd her flowery treasures to display,
 She pours them in the lap of youthful May.

But how, *Serena*, how may human speech
 Thy heav'nly raptures in this moment reach?
 If aught of earthly sentiment may vie
 With the pure joy these happy scenes supply,
 'Tis when, unmixt with trouble and with pain,
 Love glides in secret thro' the glowing vein;
 When some fond youth, unconscious of its fire,
 Free from chill fear and turbulent desire,
 With every thought absorb'd in soft delight,
 Sees all creation in his fair one's sight,
 And feels a blissful state without a name,
 Repose of soul, with harmony of frame.

So, plung'd in pleasure of the purest kind,
Serena gaz'd on the maternal mind;
 Gaz'd till *Sophrosyne's* directing aid
 Thus summon'd to new lights th' obedient maid:
 "Haste, my fair charge, for of this ample state
 Traits yet unseen thy visitation wait.
 "Thy pressing hours forbid me to unfold
 "Each separate province which these confines hold;
 "But I will lead thee to that blissful crew,
 "Whose kindred spirits best deserve thy view."

So speaking, her attentive guest she led
 Thro' scenes, that still increasing wonder bred.
 Where'er she trod, thro' all her gorgeous seat,
 Soft music echoed from beneath her feet:
 Passing a portal, on whose lucid stone
 Emblems of innocence and beauty shone,
 They reach a lawn with verdant lustre bright,
 And view the bowers of permanent delight.
 No fiery sun here forms a scorching noon,
 No baleful meteor gleams, no chilling moon:
 But, from a latent source, one soothing light,
 Whose constant rays repel the mist of night,
 Tho' tender, cheerful, and tho' warm, serene,
 Gives lasting beauty to the lovely scene.
 No sensual thought this paradise profanes;
 For here tried excellence in triumph reigns,
 Benignant cares eternal joy supply,
 And bliss angelic beams in every eye.

"In yonder groups," the leading spirit cried,
 "My fav'rite females see, my fairest pride.
 "The first in rank is that distinguish'd train,
 "Whose strength of soul was tried by Hymen's chain.

"Tho'

" Tho' beauty blest their form, and love their guide,
 " Their nuptial band with happier omens tied,
 " Beauty and love, they felt, may lose the art
 " To fix inconstant man's eccentric heart ;
 " Yet conscious of their Lord's neglected vow,
 " No virtue frown'd outrageous on their brow,
 " To keep returning tenderness aloof,
 " By coarse upbraiding, and despis'd reproof :
 " With sorrow smother'd in attraction's smile,
 " They strove the sense of misery to beguile ;
 " And, from wild passion's perilous abyss,
 " Lure the lost wanderer back to faithful bliss.
 " See mild *Octavia* o'er this band preside,
 " Voluptuous Anthony's neglected bride,
 " Whose feeling heart, with all a mother's care,
 " Rear'd the young offspring of a rival fair.
 " Far other trials rais'd yon lovely crew,
 " Tho' in connubial scenes their merit grew :
 " It was their chance, ere judgment was mature,
 " When glittering toys the infant mind allure,
 " Following their parents' avaricious rule,
 " To wed, with hopes of bliss, a wealthy fool.
 " When time remov'd-delusion's veil by stealth,
 " And shew'd the drear vacuity of wealth ;
 " When sad experience prov'd the bitter fate
 " Of beauty coupled to a senseless mate ;
 " These gentle wives still gloried to submit ;
 " These, tho' invited by alluring wit,
 " Refus'd in paths of lawless joy to range,
 " Nor murmur'd at the lot they could not change :
 " But, with a lively sweetness, unoppress'd
 " By a dull husband's lamentable jest,

" The

" Their constant rays of gay good-humour spread

" A guardian glory round their idiot's head.

" The next in order are those lovely forms,

" Whose patience weather'd all paternal storms ;

" By filial cares, the mind's unfailing test,

" Well have they earn'd these seats of blissful rest :

" They, unrepining at severe restraint,

" Peevish commands, and undeserv'd complaint ;

" Bent with unwearied kindness to appease

" Each fancied want of querulous disease ;

" Gave up those joys which youthful hearts engage,

" To watch the weakness of paternal age.

" Turn to this cheerful band ; and mark in this,

" Spirits who justly claim my realms of bliss !

" Most lovely these ! when judg'd by generous truth,

" Tho' beauty is not their's, nor blooming youth :

" For these are they, who, in life's thorny shade,

" Repin'd not at the name of ancient maid.

" No proud disdain, no narrowness of heart

" Held them from Hymen's tempting rites apart ;

" But fair discretion led them to withdraw

" From the priz'd honour of his proffer'd law,

" To quit the object of no hasty choice,

" In mild submission to a parent's voice ;

" The valued lover with a sigh resign,

" And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

" With smiles they bore, from angry spleen exempt,

" Injurious mockery, and coarse contempt :

" 'Twas their's to clasp, each selfish care above,

" A sister's orphans with paternal love,

" And all her tender offices supply,

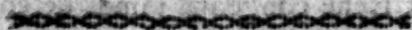
" Tho' bound not by the strong maternal tie :

" 'Twas

- " 'Twas their's to bid intestine quarrels cease,
 " And form the cement of domestic peace.
 " No throbbing joy their spotless bosom fir'd,
 " Save what Benevolence herself inspir'd;
 " No praise they sought, except that praise refin'd,
 " Which the heart whispers to the worthy mind.
 " Such are these gentle tribes, the happy few,
 " Who share the triumph to their victory due :
 " Angelic aims their spotless minds employ,
 " And fill their measure of unchequer'd joy.
 " Behold ! where some with generous ardour wait
 " Around yon Seer, who holds the book of Fate;
 " Those awful leaves with eager glance they turn,
 " Thence with celestial zeal they fondly learn
 " What dangers threaten, thro' the vale of earth,
 " Their kindred pilgrims, ere they rise to birth :
 " To earth they still invisibly descend,
 " In that dark scene congenial minds defend,
 " From Pleasure's bud drive Spleen's corroding worm,
 " And in my votaries' hearts my power confirm.
 " Delights more calm yon listening band employ,
 " Who deeply drink of intellectual joy.
 " See them around that speaking nymph rejoice,
 " Their pleasures varying with her varied voice !
 " What graces in the sweet enthusiast glow !
 " Repeating here whate'er she learns below.
 " Mem'ry her name, her charge o'er earth to flit,
 " And cull the fairest flowers of human wit.
 " Whatever genius, in his happiest hour,
 " Has penn'd, of moral grace and comic power,
 " To warm the heart, the spells of spleen unbind,
 " And pour gay sunshine o'er the misty mind ;
 " Teach

" Teach men to cherish their fraternal tie,
 " And view kind Nature with a filial eye;
 " This active spirit catches in her flight,
 " Skill'd to retain, and happy to recite.
 " Here she delivers each bright work, and each
 " Derives new beauty from her graceful speech.
 " Warpt by no envy, by no love misled,
 " Equal she holds the living and the dead;
 " Alike rehearsing, as they claim their turn,
 " The song of *Anfey*, and the tale of *Sterne*.
 " But morning calls thee hence.—Yet one scene
 " more
 " My fostering love shall lead thee to explore,
 " This, thy last sight, with careful eyes survey,
 " And mark th' extensive nature of my way."

HAYLEY.



S E C T. XXX.

THE LAST SCENE PRESENTED TO SERENA.

THUS with fond zeal the guardian spirit said,
 And to new precincts of her palace led;
 The scene she enter'd of the richest state,
 Where on her voice the subject passions wait:
 Here rose a throng of living gems, so bright
 No breath could fully their benignant light;
 This, her immortal seat, the gracious guide
 "Assum'd: her ward stood wond'ring at her side.

Swift

Swift as they felt their ruling power inthron'd,
 Æthereal beings, who her empire own'd,
 Crowded in glittering pomp the gorgeous scene,
 To pay their homage to their heav'nly queen.

First came chaste Love, whose sweet harmonious
 form

Ne'er felt suspicion's soul-convulsing storm;
 No baleful arrow in his quiver lies,
 No blinding veil enwraps his sparkling eyes;
 Here all the rays of varied joy unite,
 And jointly shed unspeakable delight.
 With him was Friendship, like a virgin dress,
 The soft asbestos form'd her simple vest,
 Whose wondrous folds, in fiercest flames entire,
 Mock the vain ravage of consuming fire:
 Around this robe, a mystic chain she wore,
 Each golden link a star of diamonds bore;
 Force could not tear the finish'd work apart,
 Nor Int'rest loose it by his subtlest art:
 But, strange to tell! if the presiding power,
 Who to her favourite gave this precious dower,
 If kind Sophrosyne could fail to breathe
 Her vital virtue on this magic wreath,
 The parts must sever, faithless to their trust,
 The gold grow dross, and every diamond dust.

These Valour follow'd, deck'd with verdant palm,
 Gracefully bold, majestically calm.

A mingled troop succeed, with festive sound,
 Wisdom with olive, Wit with feathers crown'd;
 Here, hand in hand they move, no longer foes,
 Their charms increasing as their union grows;

Pure

Pure spirits all, who hating mental strife,
 Exalt creation, and embellish life;
 All here attend, and in their sov'reign's praise,
 Their circling forms the song of glory raise.

The blest *Serena* drinks, with ravish'd ear,
 The melting music of the tuneful sphere.
 Now in its close the soothing echoes roll
 O'er her rapt fancy, and entrance her soul;
 Her senses sink in soft Oblivion's bands,
 Till faithful Jenny at her pillow stands,
 Recals each mental and corporeal power,
 While she proclaims aloud the passing hour;
 And in a voice expressive of surprise,
 Too shrill to seem the music of the skies,
 Informs the startled fair 'tis time to rise.

HAYLEY.

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S E C T. XXXI.

A PEER INVITES SERENA TO A BALL.

**B**LEST be the heart of sympathetic mould,  
 Whatever form that gentle heart enfold,  
 Whose generous fibres with fond terror shake,  
 When keen affliction threatens to o'ertake  
 Young artless beauty, as alarm'd she strays  
 Thro' the strange windings of this mortal maze!  
 To such, *Serena*, be thy story known,  
 Whose bosom best can make thy lot their own,

And,

And, kindly sharing in thy trials past,  
Attend with sweet anxiety the last.

The hour approaches, the tremendous hour,  
In whose dark moments deeper perils lower ;  
Still so enwapt in Pleasure's gay disguise,  
They lurk invisible to Caution's eyes ;  
And, unsuspected by the fair one, wait  
To cancel or confirm her blissful fate.

Her lively mind with bright ideas stor'd,  
She takes her station at the breakfast-board ;  
Still her soft soul the heav'nly vision fills,  
And sweetest graces in her smile instils ;  
New hopes of triumph glide through ev'ry nerve,  
And arm her glowing heart with firm reserve ;  
Conscious the final trying chance impends,  
To bear its force her every power she bends ;  
In her quick thought ambitious to presage  
How Spleen's dark agents may exert their rage,  
She ponders on what perils may befall,  
And fondly deems her mind a match for all.  
Ah, lovely nymph ! this dang'rous pride forego ;  
Pride may betray—Security's thy foe.

While fancied Prudence thus, a foreign guest,  
Sits doubly cherish'd in Serena's breast,  
Behold a billet her attention steal,  
No common arms compose its ample seal ;  
Th' unfolding paper breathes a roseate scent,  
Sweet harbinger of joy, its kind intent.  
Of courteous *Filligree* it bears the name,  
Clear symptom of the peer's increasing flame !  
The gracious Earl, lamenting pleasure lost,  
And fair *Serena* in her wishes crost,

Has



Has plann'd in honour of the lovely maid  
 A fancied ball, a private masquerade,  
 And supplicates her fire, with warm esteem,  
 To smile indulgent on the festive scheme.  
 All arts he uses to ensure the grant,  
 Nor leaves unask'd the eager maiden aunt.  
 Quick at the sound *Serena's* glowing heart  
 Throbs with gay hopes; but soon those hopes depart.  
 Reflection, in her soul a faithful guard,  
 The opening avenues of pleasure barr'd:  
 She deem'd the plan of this delightful show,  
 But the new ambush of her secret foe;  
 The bliss too bright to realize, she guess'd,  
 And chas'd th' idea from her guarded breast.  
 While these discreet resolves her thought employ,  
 Tranquil she triumphs o'er the smother'd joy.  
 Not so the Knight—to his parental eyes  
 In dazzling pomp delusive visions rise:  
 That coronet, the object of his vow,  
 He sees suspended o'er his daughter's brow;  
 Eager he burns to snap the pendant thread,  
 And fix the glory on his darling's head.

Far wiser aims the ancient maiden caught,  
 No empty gew-gaw flutters in her thought;  
 But, while more keenly she applauds the plan,  
 Her hope is solid and substantial man;  
 Not for her infant niece, whose baby frame  
 She holds unfit for Hymen's holy flame;  
 But for her riper self, whose strength may bear,  
 The heaviest burden of connubial care.

Tho' different phantoms dance before their sight,  
 Niece, aunt, and father, in one wish unite.

To join the banquet is their common choice,  
 The business past with no dissenting voice;  
 And the warm fire, in-whom ambition burn'd,  
 A note of grateful courtesy return'd:  
 His billet seal'd, the glad good-humour'd knight  
 Launch'd forth, like Nestor, on his youthful night.

HAYLEY.

## S E C T. XXXII.

## CHARACTER OF THE PEER.

**T**HE Peer himself, his prowess to evince,  
 Shines in the semblance of a moorish Prince;  
 And round the brilliant mimic hero wait  
 All pomp and circumstance of Moorish state:  
 Thro' all his splendid dome no eye could find  
 Aught unembellish'd, save the master's mind:  
 There, tho' repress'd by courtesy's controul,  
 Lurks the low mover of the little soul,  
 Mean vanity; whose slave can never prove  
 The heart-refining flame of genuine love,  
 While her cold joys his abject mind amuse,  
 His thoughts are busied on connubial views.  
 His house compleat, its decorations plac'd  
 By the sure hand of fashionable taste,  
 He only wants, to crown his modish life,  
 That last and finest moveable—a Wife.  
 She too must prove, to fix his coy desire,  
 Such as the eye of fashion will admire.

D

His

His ball is but a jury, to decide  
 Upon the merit of his fancied bride.  
 If sweet Serena, on this signal night,  
 Shines the first idol of the public sight;  
 If gallantry's fixt eyes pronounce her fair,  
 By the sure sign of one unceasing stare;  
 And if, prophetic of her nobler doom,  
 Each rival beauty shudders at her bloom;  
 The die is cast—he weds—the point is clear;  
 She cannot slight the vows of such a Peer.

Thus argued in his mind the festive Earl,  
 And, lest he lightly choose an aukward girl,  
 Wisely conven'd on this important case,  
 Each fashionable judge of female grace.  
 Here Beaux-Esprits in various figures lurk,  
 Of Jew and Gentile, Bramin, Tartar, Turk,  
 But of the manly masks, a youthful Bard  
 Seem'd most to challenge Beauty's soft regard:  
 Adorn'd with native elegance, he wore,  
 In simplest form, the minstrel dress of yore:  
 They call him *Edwin*, who around him throng,  
*Edwin*, immortaliz'd in Beattie's song;  
 And, sooth to say, within a comely frame,  
 He bore a heart that answer'd to the name.  
 For this neat habit deck'd a generous youth,  
 Of gentlest manners, and sincerest truth.  
 Tho' on his birth propitious fortune smil'd,  
 No proud parental folly spoil'd the child;  
 And genius, more beneficently kind,  
 Blest with superior wealth his manly mind.  
 Of years he barely counted twenty-one;  
 But, like a brilliant morn, his opening life begun.



Mean while the Earl, his puny love to raise,  
 Hunted the circling whisper of her praise;  
 Heard envy own her lively charms, tho' loth,  
 Heard taste attest them with a modish oath  
 And, nuptial projects thickening in his mind,  
 Now his fair partner in the dance rejoin'd.  
 As now the sprightly music paus'd, my Lord  
 Eager resolv'd to touch a softer chord;  
 Secure of all repulse, he vainly meant  
 Half to display, half hide his fond intent,  
 And, in dissembled passion's flowery tropes,  
 To sport at leisure with the Virgin's hopes:  
 For this he fram'd a motley speech, replete  
 With amorous compliment and vain conceit.  
 The labour'd nothing with complacent pride  
 He spoke; but to his speech no Nymph replied:  
 For in the moment, the lost Fair devotes  
 Her willing ear to more attractive notes.

The minstrel happen'd near the nymph to walk,  
 Rapt with a bosom-friend in secret talk,  
 And, at the instant when the Earl began  
 Half to unfold his matrimonial plan,  
*Edwin*, in whispers, from the crowd retir'd,  
 Chanc'd to repeat the sonnet she inspir'd:  
 The sounds tho' faint her recollection caught,  
 Drew her quick eye, and fixt her wondering thought.  
 Lost in this sweet surprise, she could not hear  
 A single accent of the amorous Peer.  
 Spleen saw the moment that she sought to gain,  
 And perch'd triumphant on the Noble's brain.  
 With jealous envy stung, and baffled pride,  
 "Contemptuous girl!" with sudden rage he cried,

" If here to happier youths thy views incline,  
 " I want not fairer nymphs who challenge mine.  
 " Thy breast in vain with penitence may burn ;  
 " But, once neglected, I no more return."  
 Thus loudly speaking, with distemper'd heat,  
 Rudely he turn'd, with rancorous scorn replete.  
*Serena*, startled at th' injurious sound,  
 Survey'd th' insulting Peer, who sternly frown'd ;  
 Shame and resentment thro' her bosom rush,  
 Swell every vein, and raise the burning blush.  
 Love, new-born love, but in its birth conceal'd,  
 Nor to the nymph herself as yet reveal'd,  
 And just disdain, and anger's honest flame,  
 With complicated power convulse her frame :  
 Contending passions every thought confound,  
 And in tumultuous doubt her soul is drown'd.

HAYLEY.

S E C T. XXXIII.

EDWIN COMPLETES SERENA'S FELICITY.

**T**HE disappointed Earl, with sullen air,  
 On happier Edwin, who approach'd the Fair,  
 Darts such a glance of rage and envious hate,  
 As Satan cast on Eden's blissful state,  
 When on our Parents first he fixt his sight,  
 And undelighted gaz'd on all delight :  
 So doom'd to look, and doom'd such pangs to feel,  
 Scornful he turn'd on his elastic heel.

" O lovely mildness ! oh angelic maid !  
 " Deserving homage, tho' to scorn betray'd ;

" Rise

" Rise still, sweet spirit, rise these wrongs above,  
 " Turn from injurious pride to faithful love ;  
 " Tho' on my brow no coronet may shine,  
 " Wealth I can offer at thy beauty's shrine,  
 " And, worthier thee, a heart that worships thine." }

Thus with new-kindled love's aspiring flame  
 Spoke the fond youth conceal'd by Edwin's name,  
 The gallant *Falkland*, rich in inborn worth,  
 By fortune blest, and not of abject birth.  
 Warmly he spoke, with that indignant heat,  
 With which the generous heart ne'er fails to beat,  
 When worth insulted wakens virtuous ire,  
 And injur'd beauty sets the soul on fire.  
 Quick to his voice the startled virgin turn'd,  
 With wonder, hope, and joy, her bosom burn'd ;  
 With sweet confusion, flurr'd and amaz'd,  
 On his attractive form she wildly gaz'd.  
 Full on her thought the friendly visions rush'd ;  
 Blushing she view'd him, view'd him still and blush'd ;  
 And, soft affection quickening at the sight,  
 Perchance had swoon'd with fulness of delight,  
 But that her father's voice with quick controul,  
 Recall'd the functions of her fainting soul.  
 When on the distant seat, where, fondly fixt,  
 He view'd the nymph as in the dance she mixt,  
 He indistinctly heard, with wounded ear,  
 The spleenful outrage of the angry Peer.  
 Swift at th' imperfect sound, with choler wild,  
 He sprung to succour his insulted child ;  
 But ere his fury into language broke,  
 Love calm'd the storm that arrogance awoke.



The sudden burst of *Falkland's* tender flame,  
 His winning manners, his distinguish'd name.  
 His liberal soul, by fortune's smile carest,  
 All join'd to harmonize the father's breast.  
 His fiery thoughts subside in glad surprise,  
 And to the generous youth he warmly cries :  
 " Ingenuous Falkland ! by thy frankness won,  
 " My willing heart would own thee as my son ;  
 " But on thy hopes *Serena* must decide :—  
 " Haste we together from this house of pride."

So spoke the Sire ; for, to her votary kind,  
*Sophrosyne* inspir'd his soften'd mind,  
 Speaking, he smil'd, to see that on his word  
 The lover hung, and blest the sounds he heard ;  
 That his embarrass'd child his sentence caught,  
 With each tumultuous sign of tender thought ;  
 Whose blushes, springing from the heart, declare  
 The dawn of fondness in the modest Fair.  
 Th' enchanted Youth with ecstasy convey'd  
 Forth from the troubled feast the trembling Maid.

As the keen sailor, whom his daring soul  
 Has drawn, too vent'rous, near the freezing pole ;  
 Who, having slighted *Caution's* tame advice,  
 Seems wedg'd within impervious worlds of ice ;  
 If, from each chilling form of peril free,  
 At length he reach the unincumber'd sea,  
 With joy superior to his transient pain,  
 Rushes exulting o'er th' expansive main :  
 Such strong delight *Serena's* bosom shar'd,  
 When sweet reflection to her heart declar'd,

That

That all the trials of her fate were past,  
 And Love's decisive plaudit seal'd the last,  
 Her airy guard prepares the softest down  
 From Peace's wing, to line the nuptial crown :  
 Her smiles accelerate the bridal morn,  
 And clear her votary's path from every thorn.  
 On the quick match the prude's keen censures fall,  
 Blind to the heavenly power who guided all ;  
 But mild Serena scorn'd the prudish play  
 To wound warm love with frivolous delay ;  
 Nature's chaste child, not affectation's slave,  
 The heart she meant to give, she frankly gave.

Thro' her glad Sire no gouty humours run,  
 Jocund he glories in his destin'd son.  
 Penelope herself, no longer seen  
 In the foul semblance of tormenting Spleen,  
 Buys for her niece the robes of nuptial state,  
 Nor scolds the Mercer once thro' all the long debate.

For quick dispatch, the honest man of law  
 Toils half the night the legal ties to draw ;  
 At length th' enraptured Youth, all forms compleat,  
 Bears his sweet Bride to his paternal seat ;  
 On a fair lawn the cheerful mansion stood,  
 And high behind it rose a circling wood.

As the blest lord of this extensive reign  
 Led his dear partner thro' her new domain,  
 With fond surprise, Serena soon descried  
 A temple rais'd to her æthereal guide,  
 Its ornaments she view'd with tender awe,  
 Their fashion such as she in vision saw ;

For the kind youth, her grateful smile to gain,  
 Had, from her clear description, deck'd the fane.  
 Joyful he cried, to his angelic wife,  
 "Be this kind power the worship of our life!"  
 He spoke; and led her to the inmost shrine;  
 Here, link'd in rosy bands, two votaries shine;  
 The pencil had imparted life to each,  
 With energy that seem'd beyond its reach.

First stood connubial Love, a manly youth,  
 Whose bright eye spoke the ardent vows of truth;  
 Friendship, sweet smiling, fill'd the second place,  
 In all the softer charms of virgin grace.  
 Their meeting arms a mystic tablet raise,  
 Deck'd with these lines, the moral of my lays:  
 "Virtue's an ingot of Peruvian gold,  
 "Sense the bright ore, Potosi's mines unfold;  
 "But *Temper's* image must their use create,  
 "And give these precious metals sterling weight."

HAYLEY.

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 S E C T. XXXIV.

ON MUSIC.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began:  
 From harmony to harmony  
 Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran;  
 The diapason closing full in man.

And man may justly tuneful notes admire;  
 His soul is music, and his breast a lyre:

A lyre,



A lyre, which, while its various notes agree,  
Enjoys the sweets of its own harmony.

In us rough hatred with soft love is join'd,  
And sprightly hope with grov'ling fear combin'd,  
To form the parts of our harmonious mind.

What ravishes the soul, what charms the ear,  
Is music, tho' a various dress it wear.

Beauty is music too, tho' in disguise;  
Too fine to touch the ear, it strikes the eyes,  
And thro' them, to the soul the silent stroke conveys.  
'Tis music heavenly, such as in a sphere,  
We only can admire, but cannot hear.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,  
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak :  
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,  
And as with living souls have been inform'd  
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

DRYDEN AND CONGREVE.

## S E C T. XXXV.

### ON LEARNING.

A Little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.  
Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE.

## S E C T XXXVI.

ON LONDON.

**L**ONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,  
 The common-shore of Paris, and of Rome;  
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,  
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.  
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
 I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,  
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;  
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
 The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,  
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,  
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;  
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,  
 Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.  
 All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;  
 His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
 Their air, their dress, their politicks import;  
 Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:  
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,  
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,  
 I drew the breath of life in English air;

Was

Was early taught a Briton's right to prize;  
 And list the tale of Henry's victories;  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain;  
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain

Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite:  
 Still to his int'rest true, where-e'er he goes,  
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;  
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine;  
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.  
 These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,  
 And gain a kick for aukward flattery.

What man would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?  
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:  
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire;  
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,  
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;  
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,  
 All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.  
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,  
 This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.  
 The sober trader, at a tatter'd cloak  
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;



With brisker air the filken courtiers gaze,  
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways;  
 Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,  
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;  
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

DR. JOHNSON.

S E C T. XXXVII.

ON AUTUMN.

**A** LAS! with swift and silent pace,  
 Impatient time rolls on the year;  
 The seasons change, and nature's face  
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.  
 'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,  
 Now autumn bends a cloudy brow;  
 The flowers of spring are swept away,  
 And summer fruits desert the bough.  
 The verdant leaves that play'd on high,  
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,  
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,  
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.  
 The fields that wav'd with golden grain,  
 As russet heaths are wild and bare;  
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,  
 Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No

No more while thro' the midnight shade  
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,  
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,  
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars :  
 O ! would some God but wings supply,  
 To where each morn the spring restores,  
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear  
 The downward seasons iron reign,  
 Compels to breathe polluted air,  
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can autumn yield,  
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,  
 And Ceres flies the naked field,  
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fail ?

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet,  
 To cheer me in the darkening hour ?  
 The grape remains ! the friend of wit,  
 In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl ;  
 Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :  
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,  
 This God of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,  
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;

My Stella with new charms shall glow,  
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

DR. JOHNSON,

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S E C T. XXXVIII.

ON WINTER.

NO more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day ;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-top'd cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain ;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd impetuous showers descend ;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor music charm tho' Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower,
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

DR. JOHNSON.



S E C T. XXXIX.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove
 What dreary prospects round us rise;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
 Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern winter! is thy force confess'd;

Still

Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

DR. JOHNSON

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S E C T. XL.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

NO more, thus brooding o'er yon heap,  
With avarice painful vigils keep;  
Still unenjoy'd the present store,  
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.  
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,  
Which not all India's treasure buys!  
To purchase heaven has gold the power?  
Can gold remove the mortal hour?

Can life, can love be bought with gold?  
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?  
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,  
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.  
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.  
 With Science tread the wondrous way,  
 Or learn the Muses' moral lay;  
 In social hours indulge thy soul,  
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;  
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,  
 And be by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,  
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;  
 Come taste with me the balm of life,  
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.  
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,  
 In health, and Stella, and content;  
 And scorn, Oh! let that scorn be thine!  
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

DR. JOHNSON.

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 S E C T. XLI.

ON TEMPERANCE.

THE shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
 Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
 A pleasing lassitude: He not in vain

Invokes

Invokes the gentle deity of dreams:

His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose: On him the balmy dews
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
 Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid or too full.
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd,
 Ere you to nightly indolence resign
 Your passive faculties.

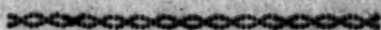
Learn temperance, friend; and hear without disdain
 The choice of water. Thus the * Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school.
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air:
 The most insipid; the most void of smell.
 Such the wide mountain from his horrid sides
 Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
 And summer's heat secure. The lucid stream,
 O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile
 Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields
 And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
 And half the mountains melt into the tide.

* Hippocrates.

Nothing

Nothing like simple element dilutes
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
 But where the stomach, indolently given,
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine
 Th' insipid stream : Tho' golden Ceres yields
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
 The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs
 Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,
 And furious with intoxicating fire,
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
 Th' embodied mass.

DR. ARMSTRONG.



S E C T. XLII.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF ALL THINGS IN NATURE.

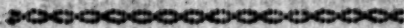
WHAT does not fade ? the tower that long had
 stood

The crash of thunder, and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;

And

And all those worlds that roll around the sun ;
 The sun himself shall die ; and ancient night
 Again involve the desolate abyfs :
 Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom
 Extends his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.
 For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
 Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
 BEING, in various systems fluctuates still
 Between creation and abhorr'd decay ;
 It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

DR. ARMSTRONG.



S E C T. XLIII.

ON A HAIL-STORM IN APRIL.

FRAUGHT with a transient, frozen-shower,
 If a cloud should haply lower,
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
 Mute on a sudden is the lark ;
 But when gleams the sun again
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
 And from behind his watery veil
 Looks through the thin descending hail ;
 She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
 Salutes the blythe return of light,

And

And high her tuneful tract pursues
Mid th' dim rainbows scatter'd hues.

WARTON.

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S E C T. XLIV.

ON THE USES OF THE DIFFERENT SEASONS, AND
OF THE WINDS.

THE seasons all, harmonious as they roll,
Have each their separate use; to warm the soil
With genial heat; to bid its moisture flow
Thro' the fine fibres of the shooting plant
Slow rais'd; to call thy fair assemblage forth,
Triumphant beauty! daughter of the dawn!
Queen of the rosy-smiling mead! to swell
To full luxuriance thy gay-broider'd train,
What time from laughing Ceres, o'er the field
Loose drops the yellow sheaf; or when thy wing
All-radiant on th' autumnal gale ascends,
To pour rich juices thro' the fertile earth;
That nature in her robe of living green,
Deck'd like a bridegroom for his nuptial hour,
All-breathing balm, may hail thy lov'd return.

Lost were this fair harmonious round, that wakes
The soul to joy; lost were the vivid bloom
Of health that mantles on the cheek of youth
In smiles: the herbage of the field would shrink
Livid and lank, should constant summer scorch

The

The thirsty plain. The fainting swain would drop
 His lifeless limbs; the world of water stand
 Stagnant and putrid; and the fell-eyed Plague
 (Like that which walks o'er Asia's sultry fields)
 Would raise an arm of terror, waste the earth,
 Tremendous in his course; and from the globe
 Sweep half its people as he roam'd along.

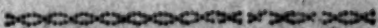
Hence heav'n's great Father sends the rushing winds
 Abroad, and bids the swelling tempest roar
 Wide o'er the howling wilderness. Afar
 The tower all naked, where the shrieking owl
 Broods o'er her young, sustains the fierce assault
 That shakes its dome. The mother scar'd within,
 Oft as the shock'd wall totters, starting, leaves
 Her nest, and oft returning, as the voice
 Of parent love persuades, she sits alone,
 And screams, wild-wailing to the wasteful winds.

Oft from the caverns of the hollow'd earth
 Bursts the rude storm, or from the breezy lake
 Shapes its broad circuit, gathering as it rolls
 Collected force. Oft from the jarring clouds
 Dashing in dizzy whirl, tempestuous rolls
 The deep-mouth'd thunder thro' the darksome vault
 Of heaven: the winds attend it, and the skies
 From their wide sluices pour a torrent down,
 Rushing impetuous.

Oft too the whirlwind's rapid wheel involves
 Th' incumber'd forest in its round; the trees
 Rent from the cliff precipitating, load
 The wings of air; the harmless flock that roam

Secure, nor dream the sudden death so near,
 Give to the eddying whirl their shiver'd limbs.
 The city feels it, and the tottering domes
 Rock from their inmost base; or loose, affright
 The pale inhabitant, that skulks within,
 Panting, and shudders as the roaring winds
 Around him bellow; lest the cracking beam
 Should burst, and o'er him the broad roof descend.

DR. OGILVIE.



S E C T. XLV.

A PANEGYRIC UPON BRITAIN.

YET not o'er nature spread the general traits
 Of imperfection. On some happier climes
 The hand of Heav'n hath shower'd its richest spoils,
 Profuse of bounty. Though the juicy grape
 Tempts not the lip of luxury, the pine
 Feels not the scorching sun, nor on the bough
 Hangs cloth'd in mantling gold, and ripe to taste,
 The mellow orange; yet their plains can boast
 A nobler produce. In Britain's blissful isle
 Gay plenty reigns!
 Britannia hail! O! from the world disjoin'd,
 As nature's hand had form'd the soft retreat
 Of happiness and love! no fevering sun
 Blasts thy gay meads: no deep volcano boils
 With inward fire; nor thro' the cave beneath
 Walks the dire earthquake. The tremendous shock,
 That

That from their loose base heaves the works of man,
 Just vibrates on thy bosom ; as the voice
 Of distant thunder moves the trembling ground,
 And murmurs in the air. Thy fields rejoice
 With cheerful Plenty. On yon waving plain,
 I see the goddess walk ! her loosen'd robe
 Floats on the gale redundant ; on her cheek,
 In full luxuriance, swells the blushing spring,
 And scents her breath with myrrh. Mark how she
 rears

Her horn aloft, and liberal o'er the field
 Pours all her treasures. Man's enliven'd soul
 And all the groves are transport. 'Hark the voice
 Of music warbles from the bough ! the hind
 Feels his heart leaping as he looks around,
 And joy's bright ray bursts o'er the kindling mind.

These are the blessing's Heaven's all bounteous hand
 Showers on her favourite isle. Thrice happy they,
 Who know their worth, and, kindling at the view
 With love, with gratitude, adore the Power,
 Who shap'd this wondrous frame, and wrought its parts
 To such perfection. Nor less beauteous form'd
 His moral plan. But this to trace at large,
 Requires a fitter season. The slow sun
 Already sinks behind yon crimson'd cloud,
 And gives the world to night.

DR. OGILVIE.

S E C T.

S E C T. XLVI.

A DESCRIPTION OF EGYPT, AND THE INUNDATION
OF THE NILE.

HIGH o'er broad lawns with broider'd vesture gay,
Where Nature's liberal hand had shower'd pro-
fuse

Her richest treasures, and the young-eyed Spring
Walk'd in loose luxury ; we mark'd sublime
A spacious theatre, whose round inclos'd
Proud fanes, the boast of science ; obelisks
That touch'd the blue horizon ; towering domes
Piled in rude grandeur ; and the dizzy height
Of sky-topt pyramids, whose steepy spires
O'erlook'd a waste of empire. 'Twas in all
A mighty city ; round whose ample skirts
A circling terras ran, broad, firm, and strong,
To stand the dash of torrents. From the brow
Of a steep hill, we view'd the scattering throngs
That roam'd at large. Some from the terras' height
Breath'd the cool breeze, whose lily-scented wing
Perfum'd the ambient air. Some o'er the mead
Wanton'd in easy indolence, and cull'd
The sports of summer ; while a few retir'd
Sat on a tower's proud top, emboss'd around
With mystic figures ; and in thought elate
Mark'd the declining sun ; describ'd the course
Of planetary orbs ; and when the ray
Of shy Aurora ting'd the glowing east,
Eyed the first beam that gilds the morning star,
And view'd its course along the bright'ning skies.

E

Not

Not far a river, o'er its pebbled bed,
 Roll'd a majestic stream; along its bank
 Bloom'd the fair herbage of the mantling lawn,
 Whose living hues illum'd th' unbounded scenes
 With rich variety. Spontaneous glow'd,
 In gay assemblage, all the blushing tribe
 Whose forms still varying crown the smiling year.

Charm'd as I look'd, bewilder'd thought survey'd
 This scene of wonders bursting on its view,
 Perplex'd; nor knew to clear th' entangling maze.
 Chief on the * figures dwelt my dubious search
 In deep suspense, and scann'd their mystic shapes;
 Their parts incongruous, where the wither'd hand
 Of bent deformity had cast the moulds,
 And wildly freak'd with beauty. Strow'd o'er all,
 These forms unseemly rous'd th' inquiring mind,
 And couch'd some truth mysterious. The short glance
 Of mist-eyed reason darken'd as it view'd;
 Nor fancy's lightning-beam could pierce the veil.

While thus wild pastime o'er the inviting scenes
 Amusive roam'd;—lo, from his secret cell,
 Up rose the River Genius! In his hand
 A trident wav'd, and o'er his form sublime
 Floated the mantling azure. On a car
 Of pearl, inlaid with shells, whose polish shone
 Resplendent to the sun; led by the train
 Of sporting Naiads, sat the godlike power;
 His blue locks waving to the fluttering breeze
 That wanton'd as he came. Gay Plenty near
 Shook her bright wings, and eyed the laughing mead
 With smiles askance, and o'er the landskip held

* Hieroglyphics.

Her horn redundant ; all the blushing year
With rich luxuriance blossom'd in her smile.

He stood ;—and sudden in the swelling tide
Plung'd his broad trident. From its bottom turn'd,
The working current boil'd. Not long its bank
Repress'd the stream ; but, rising o'er the mound,
It swept, a deluge, o'er the shrinking lawns ;
And roll'd promiscuous on its wave, the spoils
That crown'd the smiling year. Its banks o'erspread,
Full on the city pour'd the gushing stream,
And shook the circling terras. Wide around
It spread, and whelming wrapt the broad champain,
Far as the keen eye stretch'd its boundless view.

Within, the voice of tumult and amaze
Was heard discordant ; for the swarming throng
Rush'd o'er the street ; some from the shelter'd wall
To see the copious tides, to mark the field
Just shrinking from the fight ; or the rude rock,
Half-lost, and half-projected o'er the waves,
O'erlook the mighty ruin. Some intent,
With eager hope explor'd the rising stream,
And search'd its depth. Thence kindling fancy
view'd

The distant autumn, saw the forward step
Of laughing Ceres, or aghast, beheld
Where pale-lip'd Famine, from her baneful wing,
Shook livid poison on the blasted year.

Most sought the sacred fane. The sacred fane
With open porch receiv'd the solemn throng
That call'd their God.—But starting with amaze,
What sudden horror thrill'd the darting thought !
When for that God whose thunder rends the skies ;

Whose glance is lightning, and whose arm sublime
 Controls the vast of nature ;—when for Him
 Unknown,—the brute stood bellowing ! In the fane,
 Superb of structure, lodg'd the lordly bull,
 And stared, affrighted at the prostrate train
 That bow'd before his shrine ! with awe-check'd
 hope

Approaching ! and with pious fervour warm,
 Imploring aid ! Grim Superstition then
 Obtain'd his noblest triumph ; and elate,
 Chain'd Reason to his car.—Aghast I gaz'd
 With silent wonder, till resentment loos'd
 The struggling thought, and gave the voice to flow.

“ Thus then absorb'd is Truth's meridian ray ?
 “ Thus stoops th' Almighty's image to the shrine
 “ Of grovelling Instinct ? then how vain is Man !
 “ Whence then the judging power by Heav'n be-
 “ flow'd ?

“ Whence, weak Philosophy, thy boasted sway ?
 “ Why hears the mind appall'd the bold reproach
 “ Of Heav'n's vicegerent ? Why the great command
 “ That once conferr'd dominion ?—Yet not all
 “ Thus meanly bend ; thus from his glorious sphere
 “ Pull that internal sun that lights the soul,
 “ And quench her radiant beam.—But say, what men,
 “ What sons of night and ignorance are these ?”

DR. OGILVIE.

S E C T. XLVII.

OF THE LEARNING, ELEGANCE, AND FINE TASTE
OF THE ATHENIANS.

LO, Athens rises to thy view! Thou seest
The clime below'd of wisdom, where improv'd,
The morn of science ripens into day.
There the faint beam that o'er th' Egyptian clime
Shook loosely-fluttering, pours a steady blaze,
Unstain'd by passing clouds. The Persian there,
Marks his young system opening on the gaze,
To full proportion'd symmetry. With joy,
Thy sons, Phœnicia, in the thronging port
Behold reviving commerce. Ev'n the look
Of pale Judea brightens, as the draught
Unfolds Religion's beauteous form, pourtray'd
In fairer colours, and the kindling flame
Wak'd at Devotion's shrine. No more thou view'st
Austere Philosophy confin'd to few.
Lo where she moves, with all th' immortal nine,
That sweep the lyre, melodious! in her eye
The Graces languish, and her melting voice
Is harmony. In Plato's glowing page,
Her strain still vibrates to the thrilling heart
Deep-pierc'd, that pants to clasp the lovely form
Of smiling Beauty; or entranc'd surveys,
In vision's vivid beam, Elysian groves,
The great rewards of virtue; and elate,
Bursts o'er the bound of death, and hopes the skies.
There heav'n-bred genius fir'd Pericles' soul,

Belov'd of Pallas, on whose tuneful tongue
 Divine Persuasion pour'd her magic lay.
 Stern Justice there to Aristides' hand
 Consign'd her balance; thro' the illumin'd soul
 Of godlike Socrates, meek Wisdom shot
 Her purest ray, and to the mental hope
 Display'd a world to come. Themistocles
 Elate, from Luxury's high-arch'd brow,
 Snatch'd the loose plume, and on her purple crest,
 That shook on Victory's triumphant wheel,
 Wrote disappointment.—Yet not all the arts
 That polish life; nor the meridian reign
 Of mild Philosophy, that forms the mind;
 Not all the just simplicity of taste;
 Nor pour'd from warbling lutes, the melting lay;
 Nor the sweet plaining of the tragic Muse
 That thrill'd the ear of Pity; nor the tide
 Of rapid eloquence, that rush'd along,
 And whirl'd light passion on its headlong wave:
 Not these united gave the soul to reach
 The First of Beings.—Back th' astonish'd thought
 Recoil'd to earth, lost in the boundless maze
 Of His perfections, and despair'd to rise.

DR. OGILVIE.

SECT.

S E C T. XLVIII

ON HUMAN LIFE.

BY Time's slow-heaving tide, the works of man
Are whelm'd; how sinks beneath his wasteful
sway

The pride of empire! glittering for a while,
The gilded vessels sport along the stream,
Fann'd with propitious gales: the sides are firm,
The hull capacious; and the swelling sails
Float to the breeze of summer. Ah! how soon,
Torn by the tempest's wildly-rushing wing,
And foundering on the deep it lies deform'd,
A shatter'd wreck! Nor less on life descends
The storm impetuous; let thy silver hairs,
Time-hallow'd age, be witness! the dim eye,
The tottering tread, the furrow'd cheek, the hand
Yet trembling from the blast. Tell, ye who tend
The bed of death, how o'er the helpless race
Of human victims, strides the harpy foot
Of Misery triumphant! while the veins
Shrink to the Fever's scorching breath, or feel
Starting, the fiery dart of racking Pain,
That writhes to agony; or, loosen'd shake
Before Consumption; when her baleful sponge
Drops its green poison on the springs of life.

Nor these alone pursue the race of man.
Far other ills await; far other woes
Like vultures revel on his canker'd heart.

O ye who nightly languish o'er the tomb,

Where sleeps thy dust, Eugenio! Ye whose hearts
O'er Virtue bleed, when reeking from the scourge
Of dire Oppression, in some lonely cave
She pines all desolate!—Ye powers that haunt
The vale where Genius breathes her plaint alone,
Wild to the whistling wind; her voice unheard,
As airs that warble o'er the murmuring dale
Remote, to Solitude's enchanted ear!
O tell, why wrapt in Grandeur's floating robe,
Vice mounts her throne! while, trembling at the bar,
Stands Innocence appall'd! Tell why the hand
Of strutting Impudence, unlicens'd, grasps
The palm of Worth, and his indignant brow
Looks down, while meek-eyed Modesty dismay'd,
Mantles her cheek in crimson, and retires
To blush in silence! why thy purple car,
High-plum'd Ambition, bathes its rolling wheels
In blood, and o'er pale Virtue's streaming corse,
Rapid and madd'ning springs to reach the goal!

DR. OGILVIE.

S E C T. XLIX.

DISEASES ARE THE CONSEQUENCES OF INTEMPERANCE.

LONG o'er the lili'd plain I cast my eye,
Long mark'd the crowd that roam'd delighted
on;
Alternate transport, pity, love, and fear,
Work'd in my bosom.

I look'd,

I look'd, and hovering o'er the flowery turf
 Were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
 Wav'd on the wind, or o'er the glittering field,
 Who trod in silence. Care with lowering brow
 Slow stalk'd; and Slander, speckled as the snake
 That stings th' unwary traveller, along
 The tainted earth trail'd loose; or borne on wings
 Blue as the brimstone's gleam, in secret shot
 Her poison'd arrows. Pining Envy gnaw'd
 A blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame
 Snatch'd, as the goddess to her lips applied
 Her mighty trump, and swell'd a solemn note
 To Homer's venerable name.—Not far
 Stood Discord foaming. Riot double-tongu'd,
 And gleaming Frenzy, and thy yellow wing,
 Revenge, fell fiend! shook plagues, and thro' the
 breast

Infus'd their venom to the inmost soul.
 O'er all, Disease her beauty-withering wand
 Wav'd high; and heaving on the heavy air
 Her raven-pinions, bloated as she sail'd
 The face of Nature. Shapeless was her form,
 And void; the owl's ill-omen'd eyes high-rais'd
 Speckled her front; her nostrils breath'd a cloud;
 Pale Famine's fallow hand had scoop'd her cheek;
 And a green viper form'd her forked tongue.

——— Slow she mov'd
 Along the troubled air; and from a bag
 (Wrought deep by Envy in her midnight den)
 Scatter'd the seeds of death. The sparkling bowl
 Receiv'd them now; and now the enfeebled corse,
 Lank, open, spent, at each unfolding pore

Suck'd in the poison, as it rose decay'd,
Livid, and weak, from Pleasure's loose embrace.

Soon o'er each withering cheek, the baleful pow'r
Had spread unseen her life-consuming stain;
Nor knew th' exulting youth, who quaff'd elate
The draught delicious, that untimely frost
Lurk'd by the springs of life; and secret chill'd
The florid blood, and mark'd him for the tomb.

At last with weak step came the trembling Sage,
Haggard, and shrinking from the breeze; his voice
Was deep, and hollow; and the loose nerves shook
His silver-sprinkled head. He thus began:

"O yet, while Heav'n suspends your doom, be
"wise,

"My sons! O cease to listen to the lore

"Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step;

"And Peril lays the sure, tho' secret snare.

"Hear, then, the words of age. Yet Fate bestows

"One hour; yet Virtue, with indulgent voice,

"By me invites to shun the devious maze

"Of error:—Yet to crown with length of days,

"With joy, with happiness, your bold career

"She hopes! O snatch the proffer'd boon! be
"rouz'd;

"Ere her strong arm tremendous, at your heads

"Shall launch th' avenging thunder: ere dismay'd,

"Perplex'd, bewilder'd, wild; you seek the haunt

"Of Peace, when darkness veils her lowly cot;

"And mourn her gentle smile for ever gone."

DR. OGILVIE.

S E C T.

S E C T. L.

WISHES OBTAINED OFTEN MAKE MEN MISERABLE.

YET warn'd, behold what danger marks the path
 Of high-brow'd Opulence! Intemperance,
 The fruitful parent of Disease, behind
 Reels loose, and silent plants th' entangling snare.
 Oft when, to vengeance rous'd, th' Eternal dooms
 Some wretch to misery extreme; He grants
 The fervent wish; he gives th' insatiate eye
 To rove transported o'er its golden store;
 The heart to swell like Xerxes, when he view'd
 His hosts that wrapt th' immeasurable plain,
 And triumph'd in his pow'r. Thus fares the wretch
 As, whirl'd by Passion, thro' life's dusty field
 He bursts exulting. On the drooping head
 Of Merit, shy to censure, and repress'd
 By decent Pride from murmuring; his rude hand
 Arrests the palm. He gains it; and ador'd
 By Folly's wondering train, presumptuous shapes
 His course; till like a canker at the root,
 That secret riots on the vital stream,
 Slow, but sure-wasting Fate in silence takes
 Th' inevitable aim; and spares the hand
 Of hoary Time his silver, and his scythe.

O weak! thro' Passion's erring glass to view,
 What cooler thought condemns! Think'st thou the
 man

By birth exalted, by the lavish hand
 Of Fortune crown'd with honour, whose gay hours

Dance to the melting lute's melodious lay,
 Is happy?—Know, thy wandering search mistakes
 The shade for substance. Could thy thought explore
 The mind within; what real ills excite
 The mental tumult; to the trembling gaze
 Of Fear what phantoms of imagin'd woes
 Swim thro' the dark night's solemn noon, when Sleep
 Shakes not her poppies o'er his longing eyes,
 That roll in vain; what inward-eating care
 Preys on his pamper'd blood; what wishes wild;
 What dread of future misery; what dreams
 Of horror gleam athwart the fable scroll
 Where Memory prints her records: would the scene
 Wake thee to envy? Would thy wishing soul
 Pant for the boon that glitters to the eye,
 But stings the heart and poisons all its joy?

I read thy secret doubt:—" 'Tis Guilt that shades
 " The brow of Grandeur; 'tis the solemn peal
 " Of Conscience thundering in the mental ear,
 " That wakes to quick sensation. To the dream
 " Of harmless Innocence, no Demon shakes
 " His front terrific: All is calm within,
 " And tuned to perfect harmony.—Yet Peace
 " May dwell with Opulence; one happy mind
 " May eye rejoicing its extended power
 " To work for man; exulting as it views
 " A smiling tribe around, snatch'd from the grasp
 " Of ruthless want, and basking in the beam
 " Of joy, to transport kindling, and to love."

'Tis just.—The noble mind by Fortune rais'd,
 And warm'd by strong benevolence to spread

Its happiness to all ; displays to man
 His Maker's image. To a godlike few
 Heav'n gives at once the virtue and the power :
 Yet plants not Opulence for these a snare,
 That Poverty escapes ?—The wretch who dragg'd
 His fire relentless to the tomb ;—Say, rose
 No boiling passion in his rankled heart ?
 Felt not his tortur'd breast the venom'd sting
 Of keen Impatience ? Flam'd not to his eye
 Gold, titles, honour ; all the tinsel-show,
 That on the fullen front of Avarice wakes
 A gloomy smile, and bids his little thought
 Receive a gleam of joy ? From these secure
 Lives not untutor'd Indigence at ease ?
 And steals unseen along the vale of life,
 Calm, peaceful, shelter'd from the stormy blast
 That shakes Ambition's plume ; that wrecks the hope,
 The quiet of mankind ?—What though to these
 The means are scanty ?—O'er the roughen'd cheek
 Health sheds her bloom ; their sinews knit by toil,
 Robust and firm, support th' allotted weight ;
 And gradual loos'd by long revolving years,
 Relinquish their charge, untainted by the seeds
 Of lurking Death, slow through the form diffus'd
 From meals that Nature nauseates, from the cup
 Where the wine laughs, and on the mantling cheek
 Kindles a transient blush, but works disease,
 And shades the temples with untimely snow.

DR. OGILVIE.

S E C T.

S E C T. LI.

WISDOM PERSONIFIED.

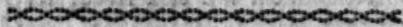
LO! now the ways of heav'n's eternal King
 To man are open! (thus the Sire resumed.)
 Review them, and adore! hear the loud voice
 Of Wisdom sounding in her works!—"Attend,
 "Ye sons of men! ye children of the dust,
 "Be wise! Lo! I was present, when the Sire
 "Of heav'n pronounced his fiat; when his eye
 "Glanced thro' the gulf of darkness, and his hand
 "Fashion'd the rising universe.—I saw,
 "O'er the fair lawns, the heaving mountains raise
 "Their pine-clad spires; and down the shaggy cliff
 "I gave the rill to murmur. The rough mounds
 "That bound the maddening deep; the storm that roars
 "Along the desert; the volcano fraught
 "With burning brimstone;—I prescribe their ends.
 "I rule the rushing winds, and on their wings
 "Triumphant walk the tempest.—To my call
 "Obsequious bellows the red bolt, that tears
 "The cloud's thin mantle, when the gushing shower
 "Descending copious bids the desert bloom.
 "Nor less in life employ'd, 'tis mine to raise
 "The desolate of heart; to bend the brow
 "Of stubborn pride, to bid reluctant ire
 "Subside; to tame rude nature to the rein
 "Of virtue. What tho' screen'd from mortal view,
 "I walk the deepening gloom? What tho' my ways,
 "Remote from thought's bewilder'd search, are wrapt
 "In

" In triple darkness?—Yet I work the springs
 " Of life, and to the general good direct
 " Th' obsequious means to move.—O ye who, tof'd
 " On life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore,
 " Yet far removed; and wish the happy hour
 " When Slumber on her downy couch shall lull
 " Your cares to sweet repose: Yet bear awhile,
 " And I will guide you to the balmy climes
 " Of Rest; will lay you by the silver stream,
 " Crown'd with Elysian bowers, where Peace extends
 " Her blooming olive, and the tempest pours
 " Its killing blast no more."—Thus Wisdom speaks
 To man; thus calls him thro' th' external form
 Of Nature, thro' Religion's fuller noon,
 Thro' Life's bewildering mazes; to observe
 A PROVIDENCE IN ALL.—Now each surmise
 Repres'd, I read conviction in thine eye.
 Live then resign'd; that, when the solemn knell
 Of Death shall call thee to the tomb, the mind,
 In hought rejoicing, as it marks the past,
 May eye the future with exulting hope.

Pass a few circling years, and Life's short tale
 Is winded. Weeping lasts a night, but joy
 Crowns the fair morning.—As he spoke, his shape
 Was changed; his cheek with youth's vermilion bloom
 Glow'd heav'nly bright; and o'er his vesture flow'd,
 In graceful curls, the long-descending hair
 Loose on the gale of evening. In his eyes,
 Moist'n'd with living dew, thy genial ray,
 Aurora, sparkled; and the little Loves
 Play'd on his ruby lips. A robe of light
 Mantled his limbs, and four resplendent wings,
 Whose

Whose plumage glow'd with purple, green, and gold,
 Flamed all-refulgent as he moved. Awhile
 He eyed me rapt ;—then spread his glittering plumes,
 And soar'd a Seraph to the skies. The eye
 Of Fancy kindled, as she mark'd him high
 In air. She look'd, and starting from the ground,
 On rapid wings impetuous burst away.

DR. OGILVIE.

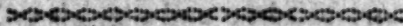


S E C T. LII.

ON EXERCISE.

THE first physicians by debauch were made ;
 Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
 By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food ;
 Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood.
 But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
 Than see the doctor for a pois'nous draught.
 The wise, for cure, on exercise depend :
 God never made his work for man to mend.

DRYDEN.



S E C T. LIII.

ON WIT.

'TIS not a flash of fancy, which sometimes
 Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes ;
 Bright

Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done :
True wit is everlasting like the sun.

True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at first we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

Pope.

=====

S E C T. LIV.

EVE'S LAMENTATION OVER PARADISE.

O Unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day,
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names,
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th'ambrosial font ?

Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ?

MILTON.

S E C T. LV.

ON THE MELODIES OF THE MORNING.

I.

BUT who the melodies of Morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

II.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling plowman stalks a-field ; and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

III.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;

And

And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody!

IV.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
 Greedy and fell, tho' impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse should
 deign
 (Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

V.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide:
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
 For well I know, where-ever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

DR. BEATTIE.

S E C T. LVI.

ON THE MISERY AND FOLLY OF SCEPTICISM.

I.

NOR be thy generous indignation check'd,
 Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
 This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
 But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
 To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

II.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
 Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
 Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend!
 Or shall frail Man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

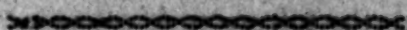
III.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem:
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.

O then

© then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

DR. BEATTIE.



S E C T. LVII.

ON EDWIN'S PURSUITS.

I.

OF T when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew:
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

II.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

III.

III.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
 In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
 Edwin of melody aye held in thrall,
 From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
 Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
 Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
 To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
 Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
 When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy!

IV.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
 Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born?
 He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page, or mourn,
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

V.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
 Of elegance as yet he took no care;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

VI.

VI.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Rous'd him still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury control'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

DR. BEATTIE.



S E C T. LVIII.

EDWIN LISTENS TO SALUTARY INSTRUCTIONS.

I.

ONE cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
 Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
 Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
 Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
 Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;
 When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

II.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
 " And woo the weary to profound repose ;
 " Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
 " And whisper comfort to the man of woes !

" Here

" Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
 " And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
 " O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
 " When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
 " Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
 " springs.

III.

" Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
 " Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
 " To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
 " It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
 " To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
 " They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
 " To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
 " Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
 " Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

IV.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 " Virtue has rais'd above the things below;
 " Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
 " Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
 blow."

This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow,
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
 And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

V.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
 (While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
 " Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,

" Soorn'd

" Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
 " Ye only can engage the servile brood
 " Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
 " Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
 " And hugg'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
 " Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
 blaze.

VI.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 " I fought for glory in the paths of guile ;
 " And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
 " Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
 " So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
 " But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
 " Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
 " Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue ?
 " Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever, from my view.

VII.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
 " And storms of disappointment, all o'erpass,
 " Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share
 " This heart, where peace serenely shines at last,
 " And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 " And if no future age shall hear my name,
 " I lurk the more obscure from fortune's blast,
 " And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
 " Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

VIII.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 " Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
 " Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,

- " Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !
 " Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
 " The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
 " The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
 " All that art, fortune, enterprize, can bring,
 " If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

IX.

- " Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 " With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 " In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
 " Where night and desolation ever frown.
 " Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
 " Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 " With here and there a violet bestrown,
 " Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
 " And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

X.

- " And thither let the village swain repair ;
 " And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
 " To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
 " And celebrate the merry morn of May.
 " There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
 " Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe ;
 " And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
 " Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
 " No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

XI.

- " For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
 " And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
 " Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
 " Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :

" For

- " For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
 " O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
 " Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
 " Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
 " And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
 defiled !

XII.

- " Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
 " What majesty attends Night's lovely queen !
 " Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams ;
 " And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 " And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 " But in the mental world, what chaos drear !
 " What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
 " O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
 " These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear !

XIII.

- " O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
 " In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 " Rose from th' abyfs ; when dark Confusion, driven
 " Down the bottomless profound of night,
 " Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
 " O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 " To blast the fury of oppressive night,
 " Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 " And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
 way."

XIV.

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.

" And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)
 " That man to man acts a betrayer's part ?
 " And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
 " Each social instinct and sublime desire !
 " Hail poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,
 " If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
 " Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !"

S E C T. LIX.

ON THE UTILITY OF SCIENCE.

I.

'TWAS from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale :
 And, from the breezy main and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms invite the fluttering gale.

II.

What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire !
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
 Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire ;
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

III.

III.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips
 of love.

IV.

What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 When Science plans the progress of their toil!
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm,
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil,
 When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil;
 Deep versed in man, the philosophic Sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

V.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind
 And various orders, in one form sublime
 Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime;
 While public faith, and public love sincere,
 And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.

DR. BEATTIE.

S E C T. LX.

VERSES ON CONVERTING THE CHAPEL TO A KITCHEN,
AT THE SEAT OF THE LORD DONNERAYLE,
CALLED THE GROVE, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

I.

BY Ovid, among other wonders, we're told
What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old ;
How their cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove :
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

II.

The Lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
His guests lov'd good pray'rs much less than good
eating ;
And possess'd by the Devil, as some folks will tell ye,
What was meant for the soul, he assign'd to the belly.

III.

The word was scarce giv'n—when down dropp'd the
clock,
And strait was seen fix'd in the form of a jack :
And, shameful to tell ! pulpit, benches, and pews,
Form'd cupboards and shelves, for plates, saucepans
and stews.

IV.

Pray'r-books turn'd to platters ; nor think it a fable,
A dresser sprung out of the communion table ;
Which, instead of the usual repast, bread and wine,
Is stor'd with rich soups, and good English firloin.

V.

No fire, but what pure devotion could raise,
Till now, had been known in this temple to blaze :

But

But, good Lord! how the neighbours around did
admire,

When a chimney rose up in the room of a spire!

VI.

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
Whose Levites were scullions, his high-priest a cook;
And thought he design'd our religion to alter,
When they saw the burnt-offering smoke at the altar.

VII.

The bell's solemn sound that was heard far and near,
And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r,
No more to good sermons now summons the sinner,
But blasphemous rings in—the country to dinner.

VIII.

When my good Lord the Bishop had heard the strange
story,
How the place was profan'd that was built to G—'s
glory;
Full of zeal he cried out, "Oh, how impious the deed,
"To cram Christians with pudding instead of the creed!"

IX.

Then away to the *Grove* hied the church's protector,
Resolving to give his lay brother a lecture;
But he scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd before them
A haunch piping hot from the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

X.

"Troth!" quoth he, "I find no great sin in the plan,
"What was useless to God—to make useful to man:
"Besides, 'tis a true Christian duty, we read,
"The poor and the hungry with good things to feed."

XI.

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration ;
 But reserv'd the full right of a free visitation ;
 Thus 'tis still the Lord's house—only varied the treat ;
 Now there's meat without grace—where was grace
 without meat.

ANON.



S E C T. LXI.

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF A DOMESTIC LADY.

WE see the dame in rustic pride,
 A bunch of keys to grace her side,
 Stalking across the well-swept entry,
 To hold her council in the pantry ;
 Or with prophetic soul foretelling
 The pease will boil well by the shelling ;
 Or bustling in her private closet,
 Prepare her Lord his morning posset ;
 And while the hallow'd mixture thickens
 Signing death-warrants for the chickens,
 Else, greatly pensive, poring o'er
 Accounts her cook had thumb'd before ;
 One eye cast up on that great book
 Yclepp'd the *family receipt-book*,
 By which she's rul'd in all her courses,
 From stewing figs to drenching horses.
 ———Then pans and pickling skillets rise
 In dreadful lustre to our eyes !

With

With store of sweetmeats rang'd in order ;
 And potted nothings on the border :
 While salves and caudle-cups between,
 With squalling children, close the scene !

RIVAL BEAUTIES.

S E C T. LXII.

THE WISH.

ETERNAL blessings crown my * earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.
 But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care !
 Impell'd with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies ;

* The Author's brother.

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

S E C T. LXIII.

ON THE ITALIANS AND DUTCH.

COULD Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows!
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men seem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all their manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to go ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
 While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
 The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

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S E C T. LXIV.

ON THE HARD FATE OF THE INDIGENT.

WHERE then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.
 If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare:
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
 eyes,

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies;
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 S E C T. LXV.

A PATHETIC DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH EMI-
 GRANTS, WHEN LEAVING THEIR NATIVE COUN-
 TRY, AND PREPARING TO EMBARK FOR AMERICA.

GOOD Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
 ing day,

That call'd them from their native walks away;

When

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
 The good old sire, who first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe,
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With loudest plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 While her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the decent manliness of grief.
 O Luxury! Thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
 Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;

Even

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land :
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind Connubial Tenderness are there ;
 And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried ;
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found me poor at first, and kept me so ;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !

DR. GOLDSMITH.

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 S E C T. LXVI.

A NEW SIMILE.

I.

I LONG had rack'd my brains to find  
 A likeness for the scribbling kind,  
 The modern scribbling kind, who write  
 In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :  
 Till reading, I forget what day on,  
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,

I think

I think I met with something there,  
 To suit my purpose to 'a hair.  
 But let us not proceed too furious,  
 First please to turn to God Mercurius;  
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length  
 In book the second, page the tenth:  
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,  
 And now proceed we to our simile.

## II.

*Imprimis*, pray observe his hat;  
 Wings upon either side—mark that.  
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?  
 Why, these denote a brain of feather.  
 A brain of feather—very right;  
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;  
 Such as to modern bards decreed;  
 A just comparifon—Proceed.

## III.

In the next place, his feet peruse,  
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;  
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,  
 And waft his godship thro' the air:  
 And here my simile unites;  
 For in a modern poet's flights,  
 I'm sure it may be justly said,  
 His feet are useful as his head.

## IV.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,  
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;  
 By classick authors term'd caducis,  
 And highly fam'd for several uses.

To



To wit—most wondrously endued,  
 No poppy-water half so good ;  
 For let folks only get a touch,  
 Its soporific virtue's such,  
 Though ne'er so much awake before,  
 That quickly they begin to snore.  
 Add too, what certain writers tell,  
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

## V.

Now to apply, begin we then:  
 His wand's a modern author's pen ;  
 The serpents round about it twin'd,  
 Denote him of the reptile kind ;  
 Denote the rage with which he writes,  
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;  
 An equal semblance still to keep,  
 Alike they both conduce to sleep.  
 This difference only, as the god  
 Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,  
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,  
 Instead of others, damns himself.

## VI.

And here my simile almost tript ;  
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript ;  
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing :  
 Well! what of that? out with it—stealing ;  
 In which our scribbling bards agree,  
 Being each as great a thief as he ;  
 But even his deity's existence  
 Shall lend my simile assistance.  
 Our modern bards! why, what a pox,  
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

DR. GOLDSMITH.

## S E C T. LXVII.

## ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE.

**T**HE radiant ruler of the year  
 At length his wintry goal attains,  
 Soon to reverse the long career,  
 And northward bend his golden reins.  
 Prone on Potosi's haughty brow  
 His fiery streams incessant flow,  
 Ripening the silver's ductile stores ;  
 While in the cavern's horrid shade  
 The panting Indian hides his head,  
 And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast  
 How faint the light ! how thick the air !  
 Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,  
 Fierce winter desolates the year.  
 The fields resign their cheerful bloom ;  
 No more the breezes waft perfume,  
 No more the warbling waters roll :  
 Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,  
 Black storms involve the lowering sky,  
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs  
 Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire ;  
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,  
 To charm the midnight hours conspire.  
 While mute, and shrinking with her fears,  
 Each blast the cottage matron hears

As o'er the hearth she sits alone :  
 At morn her bridegroom went abroad,  
 The night is dark, and deep the road ;  
 She sighs, and wishes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,  
 And hail the sun's remotest ray:  
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,  
 To-morrow, nearer than to day.  
 Then louder howl the stormy waste,  
 Be land and ocean worse defac'd,  
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing;  
 And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,  
 All fresh with dews and opening blooms,  
 Already hails th' emerging spring.

O fountain of the golden day!  
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,  
 How soon before thy vernal ray  
 Should each unkindly damp recede!  
 How soon each hov'ring tempest fly,  
 That now fermenting loads the sky,  
 Prompt on our heads to burst again,  
 To rend the forest from the steep,  
 Or thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep,  
 To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's unequal views  
 Presume on nature and her laws;  
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use  
 Th' indulgence of the sov'reign cause;  
 Secure that health and beauty springs  
 Thro' this majestic frame of things

Beyond

Beyond what he can reach to know,  
 And that Heav'n's all-subduing will,  
 With good the progeny of ill,  
 Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,  
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!  
 While, by the taper's trembling light,  
 I seem those awful courts to tread  
 Where chiefs and legislators lie,  
 Whose triumphs move before my eye  
 With every laurel fresh display'd;  
 While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,  
 Or bend to Plato's godlike tongue  
 Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend  
 Bids leave the studious page awhile,  
 Then easier joys the soul unbend,  
 And teach the brow a softer smile;  
 Then while the genial glass is paid  
 By each to her, that fairest maid,  
 Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,  
 What lucky vows his bosom warm!  
 While absence heightens ev'ry charm,  
 And love invokes returning May.

May! thou delight of heav'n and earth,  
 When will thy happy morn arise?  
 When the dear place which gave her birth  
 Restore Lucinda to my eyes?  
 There while she walks the wonted grove,  
 The seat of music and of love,

Brigh



Bright as the ONE primeval fair,  
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,  
Thither, gay smiles and young desires,  
Chaste hope and mutual faith repair.

And if believing love can read  
The wonted softness in her eye,  
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,  
And every pain of absence die:  
Then offer to thy name attun'd,  
And rising to diviner sound,  
I'll wake the free Horatian song:  
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,  
And Echo, down the bord'ring vale,  
The liquid melody prolong.

DR. AKEENSIDE.



## S E C T. LXVIII.

### AGAINST SUSPICION.

**O** FLY! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;  
And, meditating plagues unseen,  
The forc'ers hither bends;  
Behold her torch in gall imbrued;  
Behold——her garments drop with blood  
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! already in your eyes  
I see a pale suffusion rise:

And

And soon thro' every vein,  
Soon will her secret venom spread,  
And all your heart, and all your head  
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then come the hours of shame and fear;  
Then hints of horror seize your ear;  
While gleams of lost delight  
Raise the deep discord of the brain,  
As lightning shines along the main  
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

No more can faith or candour move;  
But each ingenuous deed of love  
Which once you would applaud,  
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,  
Malignant fancy longs to dress  
Like injury and fraud.

Farewel to virtue's peaceful times!  
For soon you'll stoop to act the crimes  
You thus can stoop to fear:  
When Vice begins her ugly train  
With wrongs of such unmanly stain,  
What horrors form the rear!

'Tis thus to work her baleful pow'r,  
Suspicion waits the fullen hour  
Of fretfulness and strife,  
When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,  
Or Eurus shakes his gloomy wings  
To damp the seats of life.

But

But come, forsake the scene unblest,  
 Which first beheld your candid breast,  
     To groundless fears a prey;  
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre  
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire  
     To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,  
 What power unseen diffuses far  
     This tenderness of mind?  
 What Genius smiles on every flood?  
 What God, in whispers from the wood,  
     Bids every heart be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,  
 Whose breath awak'd th' immortal flame  
     That moves my active veins;  
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties  
 Hast doubled all my future joys,  
     And half disarm'd my pains;

Let universal Candour still,  
 Clear as yon heav'n-reflecting rill,  
     Preserve my open mind;  
 Nor THIS, nor THAT man's crooked views,  
 One mean or cruel doubt infuse  
     To injure human-kind.

DR. AKENSIDE.

SECT.

## S E C T. LXIX.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHOSE MISTRESS HAD MARRIED  
AN OLD MAN.

**I**NDEED, my Phædria, if to find  
That gold a female's vow can gain,  
If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,  
Or cost one serious moment's pain,  
I should have said that all the rules  
You learnt of moralists and schools,  
Were very useless, very vain.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case;  
And tho' with this heroic air,  
Like one that holds a nobler chace,  
You seem the lady's loss to bear,  
Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue,  
And thinks my censure mighty wrong  
To count it such a slight affair.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,  
Slow-wandering thro' the well-known grove,  
Methinks I see you cast your eye  
Back to the morning scenes of love:  
Her tender look, her graceful way,  
The pretty things you heard her say,  
Afresh your struggling fancy move.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?  
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne?  
Then can you question each desire,

Bid



Bid this remain, and that begone?  
 No tear half starting from your eye?  
 No kindling blush you know not why?  
 No stealing sigh or stifled groan?

Away with this unmanly mood!  
 See where the hoary churl appears,  
 Whose hand hath seiz'd the fav'rite good  
 Which you reserv'd for happier years:  
 While side by side the blushing maid  
 Shrinks from his visage half afraid,  
 Spite of the sickly joys she wears.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,  
 This chaste, harmonious pair behold;  
 And thus reward the generous flame  
 Of all who barter vows for gold.  
 O bloom of youth and opening charms  
 Well-buried in a dotard's arms!  
 O worthy price of beauty sold!

Cease then to gaze, unthankful boy;  
 Let, let her go, the venal fair;  
 Unworthy she to give you joy;  
 Then wherefore should she give you care?  
 Lay, lay your myrtle garland down,  
 And let the willow's virgin-crown  
 With happier omens bind your hair.

O just escap'd the faithless main,  
 Tho' driven unwilling on the land!  
 To guide your favour'd steps again,  
 Behold your better genius stand:

Where Plato's olive courts your eye,  
Where Hamden's laurel blooms on high,  
He lifts his heaven-directed hand.

When these are blended on your brow,  
The willow will be nam'd no more;  
Or if that love-deserted bough  
The pitying, laughing girls deplore;  
Yet still shall I most freely swear,  
Your dress has much a better air  
Than all that ever bridegroom wore.

DR. AKENSIDE.

~~~~~  
S E C T. LXX.

H Y M N T O C H E E R F U L N E S S.

THE AUTHOR SICK.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!
—Alas, in vain I try within
To raise the dull, dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?

G

To

To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Shine thro' the painful cloud of care:
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen!
 Alluage the flames that burn my breast,
 Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
 The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal Love
 Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye,
 The year's returning pomp to spy.
 He saw the radiant God of day
 Lead round the globe the rosy May;
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
 Before his wheels Aurora past,
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 All gay with smiles, to see below
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
 Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn,
 The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou,

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heav'n design'd
 To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever chance or nature brings
 To strain the tuneful poize within,
 And disarrange the sweet machine;
 Thou, goddess, with a master-hand
 Dost each attemper'd key command,
 Refine the soft and swell the strong,
 Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Best banisher of home-bred strife,
 Nor fullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deform the scene where thou art by:
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 That bound his joys to female power:
 No pining mother weeps the cares
 That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
 Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother wises to the friend:
 By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
 By thee with songs their walks resound,
 By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
 And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
 Beats high with love's unpitied smart;
 Tho' now he strays by rills and bowers,
 And weeping wears the lonely hours;
 Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
 Shames the soft story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs;

Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease,
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,
 Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
 For thee I court the Muse again;
 And may the motive lay disclose
 How much to thy fair aid she owes!
 See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
 How pure the stores of fancy shine;
 Hark, when thy breath her song impels,
 How full the tuneful current swells.
 Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Instruct the nightly strains of Y——;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
 Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads;
 Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
 Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Telian rose,
 And Tiber's vine spontaneous flows,
 While Horace wantons in thy quire;
 The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)

* Alceus and Sappho.

† Theocritus.

‡ Anacreon.

Retires in desert-scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell.
 Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid,
 He sees the nightly damps arise,
 And gathering storms involve the skies;
 He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole;
 Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He pants to traverse nature's ways:
 His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
 He views ten thousand demons rise,
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
 And Malice blots the throne of God.
 —O thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
 Thy lenient influence hither bring;
 Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
 Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale:
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding cause
 Who sounds in discord beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
 And bids the universe be blest.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
 If right I touch the votive string,

If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace corroding care.
 But most exert thy genial power
 On friendship's consecrated hour:
 And while my Agis leads the road
 To fearless wisdom's high abode;
 Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
 Pursues the light of Grecian laws;
 Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
 With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
 But if, by fortune's stubborn sway
 From him and friendship torn away,
 I court the Muse's healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent, tender themes
 As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear;
 Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

DR. AKENSIDE.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. LXXI.

ON THE ABSENCE OF THE POETIC INCLINATION.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Why, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Why thus forsook my widow'd breast,
 With dark unfeeling damps oppress?

Where

Where is the bold prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams,
 Of haunted shades and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

Say, can the purple charms of wine,
 Or young Dione's form divine,
 Or flattering scenes of promis'd fame,
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Have soft, melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amidst th' Elyfian train,
 The soul of Milton shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O mighty mind! O sacred flame!
 My spirit kindles at his name;
 Again my lab'ring bosom burns;
 The Muse, th' inspiring Muse returns!
 Such on the banks of Tyne confest,
 I hail the bright, ethereal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

DR. ALEXANDER.

S E C T. LXXII.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE HAZARD OF FALLING
IN LOVE.

NO, foolish boy—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
His dances, his delights beware,
Nor mingle in the band of young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flow'ry pomp of ease adorn:
But Love dissolves the nerve of thought;
By Love unmanly fears are taught;
And Love's reward with slothful arts is bought.

True, where the Muses, where the powers
Of softer wisdom, easier wit,
Assist the Graces and the Hours
To render beauty's praise complete,
The fair may then perhaps impart
Each finer sense, each winning art,
And more than schools adorn the manly heart.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
Such bliss be all thy heart intends,
Go, where the white-wing'd evening-hour
On Delia's vernal walk descends:

Go,

Go, while the pleasing, peaceful scene
Becomes her voice, becomes her mien,
Sweet as her smiles, and as her brow serene,

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands;
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. . I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine,
That half thy graces seem already mine,

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor once relax my reason's sway.
But thou, my friend—What sudden sigh?
What means the blush that comes and flies?
Why stop? why silent? why avert thy eyes?

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion masks its inward shame:
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

Once, I remember, tir'd of Love,
I spurn'd his hard, tyrannic chain,
Yet won the haughty fair to prove
What sober joys in friendship reign.

No more I sigh'd, complain'd, or swore;
 The nymph's coy arts appear'd no more,
 But each could laugh at what we felt before.

Well-pleas'd we pass'd the cheerful day,
 To unreserv'd discourse resign'd,
 And I enchanted to survey
 One generous woman's real mind:
 But soon I wonder'd what possess'd
 Each wakeful night my anxious breast;
 No other friendship e'er had broke my rest.

Fool that I was—and now, even now—
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
 Unless I shun Dione's view,
 An hour unsays it all again.
 O friend!—when Love directs her eyes—
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

DR. AKENSIDE.

~~~~~  
 S E C T. LXXIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

**A**DIEU to Leyden's lonely bound,  
 The Belgian Muse's sober seat;  
 Where shedding frugal gifts around  
 On all the fav'rites at her feet,  
 She feeds the body's bulky frame—  
 For passive, persevering toils;  
 And lest, for some ambitious aim,

The

The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,  
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

Adieu the grave, pacific air,  
Safe from the flitting mountain-breeze;  
The marshy levels lank and bare,  
Sacred from furrows, hills or trees:  
Adieu each mantling, fragrant flood,  
Untaught to murmur or to flow:  
Adieu the \* music of the mud,

That soothes at eve the patient lover's woe,  
And wakes to sprightlier thoughts the painful poet's  
blood.

With looks so frosty, and with steps so tame,  
Ye careful nymphs, ye household things, adieu:  
Not once ye taught me love's or friendship's flame,  
And where is he that ever taught it you?  
And ye, the slow-eyed fathers of the land,  
With whom dominion lurks from hand to hand,  
Unown'd, undignified by public choice,  
I go where freedom in the streets is known,

And tells a monarch on his throne,  
Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice.

O native Albion, when to thee  
Shall I return to part no more?  
Far from this pale discolour'd sea,  
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,  
When shall I plow thy azure tides,  
And, as thy fleece-white hills aspire,  
Bless the fair shade that on their sides

\* The Frogs.



Imbowers the village and the sacred spire,  
While the green hedge, below, the golden slope divides?

Ye nymphs that guard the pathless grove,  
Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams,  
With whom I wont at morn to rove,  
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;  
O take me to your haunts again,  
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;  
To prompt my slumbers in the murmur'ing shade,  
And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn  
Thy drooping master's unpropitious hand;  
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,  
Now fairer maids thy melody demand,  
Daughters of Albion, guard your votive lyre!  
O blooming God of Thespia's laurell'd quire,  
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,  
When all the virgin-deities above

With Venus and with Juno move  
In concert round thy listening father's throne?

Thee too, protectress of my lays,  
Elate with whose majestic call  
Above the soft Italian's praise,  
Above the slavish wreaths of Gaul,  
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,  
And wanton sloth's luxurious charms,  
The honours of a poet's name:  
To \* Ashley's wisdom, or to Hamden's arms,  
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

\* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

Great

Great citizen of Albion! thee  
 Heroic valour still attends,  
 And useful science pleas'd to see  
 How art her studious toil extends.  
 While truth, diffusing from on high,  
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,  
 Fills and commands the public eye,  
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,  
 Tame sloth and monkish awe, like nightly demons, fly.  
 Hence all the land the patriot's ardour shares;  
 Hence dread religion smiles with social joy;  
 Hence the free bosom's softest, loveliest cares,  
 Each graceful scene of private life employ.  
 O fair Britannia, hail!—with partial love  
 The tribes of men their native seats approve,  
 Unjust and hostile to a foreign fame;  
 But when from generous minds and manly laws  
 A nation holds her prime applause,  
 There public zeal defies the test of blame.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

S E C T. LXXIV.

TO SLEEP.

**T**HOU silent power, whose balmy sway  
 Charms every anxious thought away;  
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,  
 Fatigue and toiling pain grow mild,  
 Love is with sweet success beguil'd,

And

And sad Remorse forgets her secret wound;  
 O whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?  
 God of kind shadows and of healing dew,  
 O'er whom dost thou extend thy magic rod?  
 Around what peaceful couch thy opiate airs diffuse?

Lo, midnight from her starry reign  
 Looks awful down on earth and main;  
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,  
 With all that crop the verdant food,  
 With all that skim the crystal flood,  
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.  
 No rustling winds disturb the tufted bowers;  
 No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,  
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,  
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

O let not me thus watch alone!  
 O hear my solitary moan!  
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;  
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,  
 Not from the statesman's thorny down,  
 Or where the miser and his treasure lies;  
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest;  
 Nor those the hireling soldier burns to see,  
 Nor those that haunt the tyrant's gloomy breast:  
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

Nor yet those awful joys present,  
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:  
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,  
 The rescued people's glad applause,  
 The listening senate, and the laws,

Bent on the dictates of \* Timoleon's tongue,  
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;  
 And tho' they shine to youth's ingenuous view,  
 The sober gainful arts of modern days  
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

Blest be my fate! I need not pray  
 That love-sick dreams be kept away:  
 No female charms, of fancy born,  
 Nor damask cheek, nor sparkling eye,  
 With me the bands of sleep untie,  
 Or steal by minutes half the sauntering morn.  
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving-smile  
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain),  
 Bids wealth and place the fever'd night beguile,  
 To gall my waking hours with more vexatious pain.

But, Morpheus, on thy dewy wing:  
 Such fair auspicious visions bring,  
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,  
 When in prophetic dreams he saw  
 The tribes unborn with pious awe  
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly pages:  
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows,  
 When health's kind treasures, by his art explor'd,  
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,  
 Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.

DR. AKENSIDE.

\* After Timoleon had deliver'd Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to his decision. *PLOT.*

SECT.



## S E C T. LXXV.

AN ELEGY ON LADY ELIZA HOPE; ADDRESSED  
TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF  
HOPETOWN.

## I.

THOSE tears become you well, ye noble pair !  
That angel merited your tend'rest love.  
Each friend, who knew her worth, with you must share:  
The pain great Nature doom'd your hearts to prove.

## II.

Oh ! it was sad the dire disease to trace,  
Through all its slow, insidious, cruel course !  
Nor youth, nor rank, with every pleasing grace,  
Nor skill, nor care, avail'd against its force.

## III.

Unfeeling world ! that cries " Forget to grieve,  
" She only paid the debt that all must pay ;  
" Come, take amusement,—'twill your thoughts re-  
lieve !  
" Fly solitary scenes, and join the gay."

## IV.

Unfeeling world ! I hate thy dull career ;  
I love Affection's fond pathetic flow :  
They, they alone, can taste delight sincere,  
Whose souls perceive the charm of tender woe.

## V.

Mid routs and cards, and vain intemp'rate mirth,  
The warning voice of Wisdom is not heard ;  
But Grief to higher sentiments gives birth,  
And seeks an altar to Religion rear'd.

## VI.

## VI.

There adoration, faith, and prayer ascend,  
 Like wreaths of mingled incense, sweet, to Heaven;  
 There meek submission yields a darling friend,  
 And in return the sweetest hopes are given.

## VII.

Whene'er the lov'd Eliza's early fate  
 Draws from a parent's breast the secret sigh,  
 With rapture still shall piety relate,  
 "The lov'd Eliza lives in yonder sky!"

Dr. FORDYCE.

## S E C T. LXXVI.

ON THE FLOWERS AND OTHER SWEETS OF SPRING.

COME then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
 And thou, *Amanda*, come, pride of my song,  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:  
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dew, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweet.

Sec.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,  
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast  
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence  
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,  
 The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;  
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads  
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,  
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows;  
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:  
 Now meets the sky; the river now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,  
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But why so far excursive? when at hand,  
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;  
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;  
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;  
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round:  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;  
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red.

THOMSON.

S E C T. LXXVII.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPRING ON MAN.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,  
 And sing th' insuive force of Spring on Man;  
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.  
 Can he forbear to join the general smile  
 Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
 While every gale is peace, and every grove  
 Is melody?

—Hence from the bounteous walks  
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,  
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;  
 Or only lavish to yourselves;—away!

But



But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns  
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front  
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat  
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,  
 Can restless goodness wait ; your active search  
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;  
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft  
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
 For you the roving spirit of the wind  
 Blows spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds  
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world :  
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,  
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;  
 Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.  
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,  
 And warms the bosom : till at last sublim'd  
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,  
 We feel the present DERTY, and taste  
 The joy of God to see a happy world.

THOMSON

SECT.

## S E C T. LXXVIII.

ON THE WORKS OF GOD.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power  
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,  
 And all their labour'd monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;  
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
 Minutely faithful : Such TH' ALL PERFECT HAND  
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM !  
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;  
 Whose single smile has from the first of time  
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,  
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :  
 But should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
 ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;  
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
 Even in the depth of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,  
 And to the choir celestial Thee resound,  
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all.

## S E C T. LXXIX.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH LADIES.

**M**AY my song soften, as thy daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,  
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white,  
 Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,  
 Breathing delight, and, under flowing jet,  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;  
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love  
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

THOMSON.



## S E C T. LXXX.

ON THE STRENGTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.

**I**SLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas  
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up  
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
 Of distant nations, whose remotest shores  
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
 Nor to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave.

O Thou ! by whose almighty *nod* the scale  
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land  
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;  
 The tender looking *Charity*, intent  
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;  
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;  
*Courage* compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,  
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*,  
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws :  
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd  
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;  
 While in the radiant front, superior shines  
 The first paternal virtue, *public zeal* ;  
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
 And, ever musing on the common weal,  
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

THOMSON.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
 S E C T. LXXXI.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF A RURAL LIFE.

O H knew he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the *rural life*.

What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?  
 Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe

OF



Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?  
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary life  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 With luxury and death ? What tho' his bowl  
 Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?  
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?  
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :  
 Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,  
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;  
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :  
 These are not wanting, nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;  
 Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;  
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove or song,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;  
 Unfullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,

Patient

Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;  
 Health ever-blooming ; unambitious toil ;  
 Calm contemplation and poetic ease.

————— The fall of kings,  
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,  
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends from month to month,  
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year ;  
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
 —He, from all the stormy passions free  
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
 Wrapt close in conscious peace.

THOMSON.

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 S E C T. LXXXII.

A WINTER SCENE.

THE keener tempests rise, and all the fields
 Put on their winter robes of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer ox

H

Stand,

Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair: then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

THOMSON.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. LXXXIII.

ON A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW.

AS thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce
 All winter drives along the darken'd air;

In

In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the farmless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
 Whilst round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots

Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

THOMSON.

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S E C T. LXXXIV.

ON THE CRUELTY OF SUFFOCATING BEES WITH  
SULPHUR.

AH see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit  
Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people in their waken cells  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for winter poor ; rejoic'd  
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;  
And us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,  
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
 Latent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,  
 Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?  
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?

O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,  
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd  
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food  
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?  
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
 Again regale them on some smiling day?  
 See where the stony bottom of their town  
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd  
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd  
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

THOMSON.

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S E C T. LXXXV.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FRIEND.

“A PPEAR thou sightless minister of death,  
 “Go seek the spot where guiltless joys reside;  
 H 3 “Seize

Seize DELIA's frame, suspend at once her breath,  
 " And from its long-lov'd home the wond'ring soul  
 divide.

" Be deaf to all, nor heed the plaintive moan  
 " Of weeping husband, parent, child, or friend ;  
 " 'Tis my high will, that she attend my throne,  
 " Where flow those perfect joys which never shall have  
 end."

So spake th' Omnipotent. The spirit heard,  
 With azure pinions veil'd he skims the air,  
 The heavenly regions quickly disappear'd,  
 He, unperceiv'd, alights beside the happy pair.

Amaz'd he view'd this seat of humble love,  
 Content and joy in every breast elate,  
 One moment mourn'd his errand from above ;  
 While mid' the cheerful group the thoughtless victim  
 sat.

With eye averted he aims the deadly blow,  
 Nor dares to look while he directs the dart ;  
 No more her cheeks with purple blushes glow,  
 But all the spirits rush to guard the fainting heart.

In vain, in vain ! the heart refuses aid,  
 An iron slumber seals her heavy eyes ;  
 She sinks in death—th' astonish'd soul, dismay'd,  
 Bursts thro' the doors of life, and seeks more friendly  
 skies.

Hail, spirit, disengag'd from cumbrous clay !  
 Let not our tears retard thy blissful flight ;

The

The sigh dissolves in faith ; pursue thy way,  
Till heaven's full joys shall open on thy ravish'd sight.

O Thyrsis ! raise thy low-declining head,  
Nor sink beneath this mighty weight of woe ;  
Mourn not thy love, nor think thy Delia dead ;  
She lives where boundless joys shall ever, ever flow.

YEARSLEY.

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S E C T. LXXXVI.

AN ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP ! thou noblest ardour of the soul !
Immortal essence ! languor's best support !

Chief dignifying proof of glorious man !
Firm cement of the world ! endearing tie,
Which binds the willing soul, and brings along
Her chastest, strongest, and sublimest powers !

All else the dregs of spirit. Love's soft flame,
Bewildering, leads th' infatuated soul ;
Levels, depresses, wraps in endless mists,
Contracts, dissolves, enervates and enslaves,
Relaxes, sinks, distracts ; while Fancy fills
Th' inflaming draught, and aids the calenture,
Intoxicating charm ! yet well refin'd.

By Virtue's bright'ning flame, pure it ascends,
As incense in its grateful circles mounts,
Till mixt and lost, with thee it boasts thy name.

Thou unfound blessing ! woo'd with eager hope,
As clowns the nightly vapour swift pursue,

H 4.

And

And fain would grasp to cheer their lonely way ;
 Vain the wide stretch, and vain the shorten'd breath,
 For, ah ! the bright delusion onward flies,
 While the sad swain, deceiv'd, now cautious treads
 The common beaten track, nor quits it more.

Not unexisting art thou, but so rare,
 That delving souls ne'er find thee ; 'tis to thee,
 When found, if ever found, sweet fugitive,
 The noble mind opes all her richest stores ;
 Thy firm, strong hold suits the courageous breast,
 Where stubborn virtues dwell in secret league,
 And each conspires to fortify the rest.

Ethereal spirits alone may hope to prove
 Thy strong, yet soften'd rapture ; soften'd more
 When penitence succeeds to injury ;
 When, doubting pardon, the meek, pleading eye
 On which the soul had once with pleasure dwelt,
 Swims in the tear of sorrow and repentance.
 The faultless mind with treble pity views
 The tarnish'd friend, who feels the sting of shame ;
 'Tis then too little barely to *forgive* ;
 Nor can the soul rest on that frigid thought,
 But rushing swiftly from her Stoic heights,
 With all her frozen feelings melted down
 By Pity's genial beams, she sinks, distressed,
 Shares the contagion, and with lenient hand
 Lifts the warm chalice fill'd with consolation.
 Yet Friendship's name oft decks the crafty lip,
 With seeming virtue clothes the ruthless soul ;
 Grief-soothing notes, well-feign'd to look like truth,
 Like an insidious serpent softly creep
 To the poor, guileless, unsuspecting heart,

Wind

Wind round in wily folds, and, sinking deep,
 Explore her sacred treasures, basely heave
 Her hoard of woes to an unpitying world;
 First sooths, ensnares, exposes, and betrays.
 What art thou, fiend, who thus usurp'st the form
 Of the soft Cherub? Tell me, by what name
 The ostentatious call thee, thou who wreck'st
 The gloomy peace of sorrow-loving souls?
 Why thou art Vanity, ungenerous sprite!
 Who tarnishest the action deem'd so great,
 And of soul-saving essence. But for thee,
 How pure, how bright would *Theron's* virtues shine!
 And, but that thou art incorp'rate with the flame,
 Which else would bless where'er its beams illume,
 My grateful spirit had recorded here
 Thy splendid seemings. Long I've known their worth—

O, 'tis the deepest error man can prove,
 To fancy joys disinterested can live,
 Indissoluble, pure, unmix'd with self;
 Why, 'twere to be immortal, 'twere to own
 No part but spirit in this chilling gloom.

My soul's ambitious, and its utmost stretch
 Would be, to own a friend—but that's deny'd.
 Now, at this bold avowal, gaze, ye eyes,
 Which kindly melted at my woe-fraught tale;
 Start back, Benevolence, and shun the charge:
 Soft bending Pity, fly the fullen phrase,
 Ungrateful as it seems. My abject fate
 Excites the willing hand of Charity,
 The momentary sigh, the pitying tear,
 And instantaneous act of bounty bland,
 To misery so kind; yet not to you,

Bounty, or Charity, or Mercy mild,
 The pensive thought applies fair Friendship's name;
 That name which never yet could dare exist,
 But in equality.

YEARSLEY.

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 S E C T. LXXXVII.

ON MRS. MONTAGUE.

**W**HY boast, O arrogant, imperious man,  
 Perfection so exclusive? Are thy powers  
 Nearer approaching Deity? Canst thou solve  
 Questions which high infinity propounds,  
 Soar nobler flights, or dare immortal deeds,  
 Unknown to woman, if she greatly dares  
 To use the powers assign'd her? Active strength,  
 The boast of animals, is clearly thine;  
 By this upheld, thou think'st the lesson rare  
 That female virtues teach; and poor the height  
 Which female wit obtains. The theme unfolds  
 Its ample maze, for Montague befriends  
 The puzzled thought, and, blazing in the eye  
 Of boldest Opposition, strait presents  
 The soul's best energies, her keenest powers,  
 Clear, vigorous, enlighten'd.

O Montague! forgive me, if I sing  
 Thy wisdom temper'd with the milder ray  
 Of soft humanity, and kindness bland:  
 So wide its influence, that the bright beams  
 Reach the low vale where mists of ignorance lodge,

Strike

Strike on the innate spark which lay immers'd,  
 Thick clogg'd, and almost quench'd in total night—  
 On me it fell, and cheer'd my joyless heart.  
 Unwelcome is the first bright dawn of light  
 To the dark soul; impatient, she rejects,  
 And fain would push the heavenly stranger back;  
 She loaths the cranny which admits the day;  
 Confus'd, afraid of the intruding guest;  
 Disturb'd, unwilling to receive the beam,  
 Which to herself her native darkness shews.

The effort rude to quench the cheering flame  
 Was mine, and e'en on Stella could I gaze  
 With sullen envy, and admiring pride;  
 Till, doubly rous'd by Montague, the pair  
 Conspire to clear my dull imprison'd sense,  
 And chase the mists which dimm'd my visual beam.

Oft as I trod my native wilds alone,  
 Strong gusts of thought would rise, but rise to die;  
 The portals of the swelling soul ne'er op'd  
 By liberal converse; rude ideas strove  
 Awhile for vent, but found it not, and died:  
 Thus rust the mind's best powers. Yon starry orbs,  
 Majestic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,  
 Eye-wasting lawns, and heaven-attempting hills,  
 Which bound th' horizon, and which curb the view;  
 All those, with beauteous imagery, awak'd  
 My ravish'd soul to ecstasy untaught;  
 To all the transport the rapt sense can bear;  
 But all expir'd for want of powers to speak;  
 All perish'd in the mind as soon as born,  
 Eras'd more quick than cyphers on the shore,  
 O'er which the cruel waves, unheedsul, roll.



Such timid rapture as young \* *Edwin* seiz'd,  
 When his lone footsteps on the sage obtrude,  
 Whose noble precept charm'd his wond'ring ear;  
 Such rapture fill'd † *Lafilia's* vacant soul,  
 When the bright moralist, in softness drest,  
 Opeſ all the glories of the mental world,  
 Deigns to direct the infant thought, to prune  
 The budding ſentiment, uprear the ſtalk  
 Of feeble fancy, bid idea live,  
 Woo the abſtracted ſpirit from its cares,  
 And gently guide her to the ſcenes of peace.  
 Mine was that balm, and mine the grateful heart,  
 Which breathes its thanks in rough, but timid ſtrains.

YEARSLEY.

## S E C T. LXXXVIII.

## AN ODE TO CHARITY.

**H**AIL CHARITY! thou nymph divine,  
 Mutual, at whoſe benignant ſhrine  
 Discordant nations bow;  
 Come in thy kindeſt melting hour,  
 And with thy heart-dilating pow'r,  
 O make this boſom glow.

But "thy ſweet viſage is too bright  
 "To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,"  
 Or ſhine beneath the ſkies:

\* See the Minſtreſs.

† The Author.

Man fondly boasts thy charms to see,  
While the dim veil of fantasy  
Beclouds his gazing eyes.

Does Charity regardless stand,  
With aspect cold, and close her hand,

At helpless Mis'ry's cry ;  
Whilst at fictitious tales of woe,  
She bids her floods of sorrow flow,  
And heaves her throbbing sigh ?

Does Charity, with tearless eye,  
See truth and error mingled lie,

In philosophic fight ;  
Bid disputants who can't agree,  
With jarring faiths, in unity  
As infidels unite ?

With Charity, majestic queen,  
Wisdom and Truth are ever seen,  
Celestial sisters twain :

She bids the tender heart expand,  
She opens wide the lib'ral hand,  
And sooths the mourner's pain.

When Error lifts his standard high,  
She casts a firm indignant eye,  
And frowns with look severe ;

Yet while she scorns his lawless reign,  
O'er the poor slaves that hug his chain  
She drops the pitying tear.

*Sofly*

Softly she breathes her gentle sighs,  
 While the bright dew-drops in her eyes,  
     Morn's pearly tears are seen;  
 But soon her sympathetic rays  
 Dissolve them in meridian blaze,  
     And gild a sky serene.

Come, pour thy radiance o'er my mind,  
 Which yet to half thy charms is blind,  
     And cold to thine embrace;  
 O shine, with kindest melting mien,  
 Thro' all the clouds that intervene,  
     And veil thy heavenly face.

HUDSON.

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S E C T. LXXXIX.

THE COMPLAINT.

**W**HY should I fix my longing eyes:  
     On fading charms below the skies;  
 While angels from yon crystal seats above  
     Point me to purer joys on high,  
     Which, ever-blooming, never die,  
 And stoop with heavenly smiles to court a mortal's love?

Ah! whilst a pilgrim I remain,  
 Flesh holds me in its galling chain,  
 And binds my lighter spirit's soaring wings;  
     That pants to leave these scenes below,  
     This glitt'ring pomp, this fleeting show,  
 And with unclouded face behold celestial things.

Now.

Now in some happier hour, my mind  
 Leaves sublunary toys behind,  
 Climbs the bright road, and claims her heavenly birth;  
 But while she wings her joyful flight,  
 Some gilded trifle's dazzling light  
 Glides in between, and calls her back to earth.

Blest source of harmony divine,  
 Who bad'st the light from darkness shine,  
 And order spring from wild chaotic gloom;  
 These jarring elements controul,  
 And o'er the weary wand'ring soul  
 Diffuse celestial peace, and Eden's virgin bloom.

Teach me with trembling joy to use  
 Whate'er thy providence shall choose,  
 Whate'er on earth thy bounty shall impart;  
 And while life's busy cares demand  
 The ceaseless labours of my hand,  
 Be thou the rest, the treasure of my heart.

And when the pleasing awful day  
 Shall bid these mortal pow'rs decay,  
 Dissolve the strife, and wipe away my tears;  
 Then shall the spirit drop her chains,  
 And fly to learn angelic strains,  
 Where not a jarring note shall sound to everlasting years.

HUDSON.

SECT.



## S E C T. XC.

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

**M**ARIA, now your race is run  
 Through gliding years to twenty-one.  
 That pleasing day salutes your eyes,  
 For which the fair so often sighs,  
 While mistress of herself she seems,  
 Amidst a thousand golden dreams.

But you, Maria, taught to know  
 How frail is happiness below,  
 Will meditate on moments fled,  
 Irrevocable o'er your head:  
 You'll think, with life's short scene in view,  
 How precious time, how feeble you,  
 How quickly the revolving sun  
 Has led you on to twenty-one.

Accept these warmest wishes, penn'd  
 Not by a flatterer, but a friend.  
 To you may each returning year  
 With an increasing bliss appear;  
 And while your earthly joys renew,  
 Still keep a better scene in view;  
 That you, when life's weak flame is done,  
 May think in peace on twenty-one.

HUDSON.

S E C T.

## S E C T. XCI.

## DESCRIPTION OF A LADY'S TOILET.

**I**F you, Belinda, would possess  
 Enchanting beauty's richest dress,  
 Humility, that silent grace,  
 Must hold the mirror to your face;  
 And meek Benevolence supply  
 The tear benign to wash your eye.  
 Let Cheerfulness your lips adorn  
 With brighter dew than decks the morn;  
 While sweet Contentment shall bestow  
 Her smiles to smoothe the wrinkled brow.  
 Let mildest Truth your voice inspire  
 With softer sounds than Orpheus' lyre;  
 And calm Attention on your ear  
 The brightest ornament appear.  
 Good Humour o'er the whole shall shine,  
 And every other charm refine.  
 Let Innocence, with purest white,  
 Spread o'er your cheeks the tincture bright;  
 And Modesty, the fair one's friend,  
 Her rouge to all your graces lend.

When bright Aurora paints the skies,  
 Thus from your toilet daily rise:  
 Adorn'd in such complete array  
 For all the visits of the day,  
 Though Envy sneer, and Folly stare,  
 You'll shine the *fairest of the fair*.

HUDSON:

SECT

## S E C T. XCII.

## ON THE EQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF HAPPINESS.

**O**RDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,  
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence,  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,  
If all are equal in their happiness;  
But mutual wants this happiness increase;  
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;  
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;  
In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
In him who is, or him who finds a friend;  
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole  
One common blessing, as one common soul.  
But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,  
And each were equal, must not all contest?  
If then to all men happiness was meant,  
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;  
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,  
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fears.  
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?  
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know

Know all the good that individuals find,  
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence,  
 But Health consists with Temperance alone;  
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.  
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;  
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?  
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,  
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?  
 'Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,  
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:  
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

POPE.

~~~~~

S E C T. XCIII.

THE PRIZE OF VIRTUE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six;
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The

The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires for a godlike mind;
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover, and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

POPE.

~~~~~  
 S E C T. XCIV.

THE AMIABLE LADY.

— **T**O dazzle let the vain design;  
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!  
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,  
 Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing:  
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;  
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

OH!

Oh ! blest'd with temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;  
 Or if she rules him, never shews she rules;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;  
 Let fops or fortune try which way they will,  
 Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;  
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,  
 And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.

POPE.

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 S E C T. XCV.

TO A FAVOURITE LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

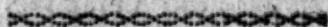
OH be thou blest'd with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
 friend :

Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new,
 But like a sieve let every blessing through;
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more:
 Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Let

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

POPE.



S E C T. XCVI.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon,
 (Envy be silent and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,

Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour;

Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no fault then (Envy says), Sir?"

Yes she has one, I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf and does not hear.

POPE.

S E C T.

S E C T. XCVII.

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM TURNBULL, ONE OF THE
PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

POPE.

S E C T. XCVIII.

ON MR. ROWE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MR. GAY, AND
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespear place thy honour'd
bust.

Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.

PEACE

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribe this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

POPE.

SECTION XCIX.

ON A LADY, WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense.
No conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd;
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.

Passion

Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried !
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

POPE.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. C.

STRIKING FEATURES OF SOME POPULAR AND GREAT
 CHARACTERS.

NOT like *Misanthropos* I quit the Town,
 Hating mankind, and loving self alone :
 Good heaven knows, and all my friends can tell,
 I love society, perhaps too well :
 I love society ;—but it must be
 From affectation and from folly free ;
 Men that will speak the language of the heart,
 Nor wound decorum with licentious dart ;
 Women with sense enough and charms to please,
 Whose native pride is lost in native ease.
 Sweet such society ! and doubly bless'd are those
 Who from the weedy world can pluck so rich a rose !

But I, alas ! have search'd and search'd around,
 Till Patience has receiv'd her dying wound ;
 Nothing like friendship in the world I trace,
 Though plagued with "greetings in the market-place."
 'Tis true, acquaintance, each for his own end,
 Squeezes my hand, and writes, "Your faithful friend."

I

But

But then this friendship if I would acquire,
On worthless altars Feeling must expire!—

What can I do?—My tongue was never taught
To utter language foreign to my thought:
I, a mere dunc in Flattery's polish'd school,
Hardly forbear to call a fool, a fool.

When things are talk'd of, which do not appear,
I have not eyes to see, nor ears to hear:

When things are sworn to, which I can't conceive,
Is it not monstrous that I won't believe?

Since, then, I cannot settled rules obey,
Where art and artifice bear sovereign sway;
O let me fly from follies such as these,
Murd'ers of bliss, and antidotes to ease!
All that the busy and the vain adore
Shall waste my time, and charm my heart, no more.

No more of politics!—though Party rave,
And madd'ning Discontent her ensign wave;
No more of politics!—though *Burke* should strive
To make us fancy Cicero alive:
Pythag'ras, hearing him, perhaps might say,
The Roman soul gave life to Irish clay.
The same splenetic tale told o'er and o'er
Makes old men cough, while young men cry, "A bore!"
Thou canst not make white black, nor yet black white;
And though we listen a whole winter's night
To the smooth rhetoric of thy polish'd tongue,
We're still convinc'd that what is wrong—is wrong.
Pleas'd with thy language, we could sit whole days
To hear such music in prosaic lays;
Ev'n women read thy speeches with delight,
In *Woodfall's* morning paper, brought at night;

And,

And, but the rigid order * still prevails,
Would sit attentive to thy *Indian Tales!*

No more of politics!—though wit should flow
In useless simile and petty show;
Though *Sheridan*, who seldom aims at more,
Should set the gaping senate in a roar,
And by his comic eloquence make clear,
Where'er he is, the "School for Scandal's" there.
Thou "modern Congreve!" quit the senate's jar,
Nor waste stage wit in whiggish wordy war.

See from the sacred hill the Muse descend!
Why shun the Muse, thy best and earliest friend?
Oblations bring to her neglected shrine,
And never-fading laurels shall be thine.

No more of politics!—tho' *Pitt* should show
How calmly Truth can conquer every foe;
What mighty magic in a good name lies,
And his least praise to be reputed wise;
How youth, well spent, the steepest heights may climb,
And join the sense of *North* with *Burke's* sublime;
A mind unhackney'd in the tricks of state,
And aiming to be good as well as great.
Such once was Chatham! whose prophetic eye
Beheld a future statesman in his boy.
T'extend her conquests, and to see unfurl'd
Britannia's colours in the western world;
To see, triumphant, England's navy ride,
Was Chatham's happy lot, and Chatham's noble pride!
But Chatham's son more arduous cares employ;
'Tis his to save what Faction would destroy:

* The order excluding ladies from the gallery of the House of Commons.

'Tis his—the hardest task impos'd by fate,—
To save the glory of a sinking state.

So, when autumnal fruits and summer flowers
Submit to Boreas and the wintry powers,
Nature seems dead: Time moves with frozen wing,
Till circling hours bring on the youthful spring.

No more of politics!—but let me quit
The sophistry of *Charles*, and *Courtenay's* wit;
The Bible eloquence of holy *Hill*,
And quoting *Johnny*, with his “book-learn'd skill,”
Whatever wonder or contempt excites,
The “human properties” of new-made knights,
Speeches to clear, or speeches to oppose,
No more shall interrupt my calm repose.
The milky words of all the courtier Peers
No more shall find a passage to my ears:
Not subtle *Shelburne's* eloquence shall move,
Nor well-skill'd *Mansfield*, whom the Graces love;
Nor courtly *Loughb'rough*, elegantly great,
Nor nervous *Stormont*, strength'ning the debate;
Nor yet new *Norfolk*, though he should engage
To charm a syren from the sportive stage;
Nor *Hawkesbury*, by scribbling wits abhorr'd,
For meriting the title of a Lord;
Nor smooth-tongued *Richmond*, he who strove with sneers
To combat *Thurlow* in the House of Peers;
Nor *Thurlow's* self, who dignifies the helm,
Th' Ulysses of the law, th' Achilles of the realm!

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

SECT.

S E C T. CI.

ON THE BRITISH STAGE.

WITH more regret I quit the British stage,
Fit school for youth, and haunt of cheerful age.

Aspiring *Holman's* academic fame

With early laurels grac'd his youthful name ;

But Panegyric, with her trumpet tongue,

Instead of weak'ning made his foibles strong :

" For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays,

" Not more by envy, than excess of praise."

When I behold him arm'd with *Macbeth's* shield,

Or grasp the tyrant's sword, in *Bosworth-field* ;

In gentle *Hamlet* weep, in *Romeo* rave,

" Taking the measure of an unmade grave ;"

I pity *Shakspeare*, nor his scenes enjoy,

Condemn the actor,—but applaud the boy.

Pope's " happy voice and pleasing powers" may shine,

When judgment shall those pleasing powers combine :

We see him now, with *Farren*, sink and rise,

Like the moon labouring through the cloudy skies.

———When *Kemble* first appear'd,

The actors trembled, and the critics sneer'd :

For rising merit here has pow'rful foes,

These urg'd by envy, by ambition those.

In *Hamlet* he display'd enlighten'd taste,

In every scene was elegantly chaste ;

Led on by judgment and by happy care,

The prince was ne'er forgotten in the player.

Alarm'd, the critics could not but admire ;

But then they fancied that he wanted fire !

In dauntless Richard he redeems his name,
 And joins the critic's to the player's fame;
 In Posthumus and Macbeth too we find
 The lucid efforts of a vigorous mind.
 His foes to scorn unbias'd judgment dooms:
 Their censure dies, while *Kemble's* genius blooms.

Scanty the tragic merit on the stage:—
 Where are the rising Garricks of the age?
 Who boasts of Barry's sweetness, Powell's fire,
 Or shall to fame with Henderson aspire?
 Join both the houses, and then tell me where
 Shine lofty Wolfey, and the frantic Lear,
 The gallant Antony, and Brutus bold,
 Timon the good, and Lufignan the old?
 Preserv'd by Providence from chill despair,
 You'll find them strolling to some country fair!

But still the tragic muse aspires to fame,
 And dwells with rapture on her *Siddons'* name.
 Her plaintive voice when listening Folly hears,
 Insensibility expires in tears;
 With powers resistless in each arduous part,
 She melts, she rends, she petrifies the heart!
 Through every breast the rapid passion flies,
 Malice is mute, and even Envy dies!

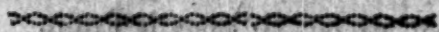
With judgment polish'd, and with taste refin'd,
 In *Pope* the rival muses seem combin'd:
 So one choice stem a double beauty bears,
 A smiling blossom, and a bud in tears.
 Well pleas'd I see, the tragic power to spread,
 A younger heroine by genius led:—
 If future bards record not *Brunton's* name,
 Time shall inscribe it on the roll of Fame.

Adieu

Adieu to those, who with melodious strain
 Have skill to waken joy, or soften pain !
 Thee, *Kennedy* ! above the tricks of art,
 And with true pathos melting every heart ;
 The warbling *Wilkinson*, and sprightly *Brown*,
 And *Martyr*, captivating half the town ;
 And *Billington*, whose execution charms,
 Delights with wonder, and with rapture warms ;
 And *Crouch*, endued with every gentle grace,
 A voice celestial, and an angel face :
 Sweet Harmonist ! whose silver tones impart
 The soothing melody that charms the heart ;
 No more shall I, with the admiring throng,
 Enraptur'd listen to thy magic song ;
 Nor shall I, but by Fancy's powerful aid,
 Behold thee as the gentle *Adelaide*,
 Or as *Ophelia* claim the tender tear,
 While, unadorn'd, thy voice shall sooth the ear :—
 But the prophetic muse with joy reveals
 What merit, ever diffident, conceals ;
 Delighted, sees thee join the tragic strain,
 And in soft numbers pensively complain.
 Thine is the skill, and thine the happy art,
 With sacred sounds to elevate the heart :
 When *Handel*'s harmony divinely flows,
 With holy rapture every bosom glows :
 Aided by thee, we feel th' angelic strain,
 And find, well pleas'd, a new *Cecilia* reign.
 No more, *Thalia* ! shall thy sportive band
 Excite my pity, or my smile command :
 Farewell to favourite *Palmer*, useful *Dodd*,
 In Belch and Ague-cheek supremely odd !

To *Macklin*, Nestor of the spouting crew,
 The "Scotchman's friend," and the unrival'd Jew;
 To *Edwin's* irresistible grimace;
 To matchless *Parsons*, with his comic face;
 Men that 'gainst Chesterfield do highly sin,
 By making ladies laugh, and coxcombs grin!
 To *Quick* the humorous, and to *King* the chaste,
 To *Smith* and *Lewis*, "Gentlemen"—sans taste!
 To far-fam'd *Farren*, chief of comic belles,
 To romping *Jordan*, and to rustic *Wells*;
 Farewell to all whom playful minds adore,
 That strut their hour, and then are seen no more!
 A long farewell to those tremendous players
 So much "at home" in lions, wolves, and bears!
 Parts that—in time—great *Barrymore* may claim,
 Or which may add to lofty *Fawcett's* fame!
Williams and *Phillimore*, in goats and swine,
 Could not but prove themselves immensely fine!
 "Nay, do not think I flatter!"—for 'tis plain
 These four, as brutes, unrival'd would remain:
 For who is quick enough of sight to ken
 That they resemble "christians, pagans, men,
 In gait or accent?" Then 'tis fit they reign
 The mighty quadrupeds of Drury-lane!

THE FINAL FAREWELL.



S E C T. CII.

AN ADDRESS TO THE REVIEWERS.

YE sage *Reviewers*!—ye whose monthly toil
 Spreads twilight knowledge over all the isle;
Who,

Who, Luna-like, your borrow'd beams bestow
 On those that seldom to the fountain go :
 Ye sage *Reviewers* !—who with skill condense
 In narrow limits every author's sense ;
 Who bring all Europe's learning in a page,
 And all the wit of all this witty age ;
 Who bind huge quartos in a little cell,
 Like Homer's *Iliad* in a walnut-shell ;
 Who strip the goose-quill hero of renown,
 By puffing purchas'd from a tasteless Town :
 Ye, who as literary monarchs sit,
 Waving your sceptres o'er the realms of wit ;
 Who shew each obvious and each latent fault,
 Each venial error, and each brilliant thought ;
 Forbear ! forbear ! nor your dread wrath dispense
 On this my first, and this my last offence !
 Surely, 'tis no such mighty heinous crime
 To take one's last farewell in harmless rhyme !
 Though often prompted by the love I bear
 Some names of worth, and one accomplish'd fair,
 Yet, unambitious of a wit's renown,
 I ne'er disturb'd the ever-patient Town :
 Me can no printed pamphlet e'er accuse
 Of holding daring commerce with the muse :
 To charm the mind with verse I never strove,
 Save when my half-strung lyre was wak'd by love ;
 Imperial love, that bids the bosom glow
 With tender sighs, will prompt the verse to flow.
 I call'd not, to adorn a classic song,
 Unheard-of sorrow and fictitious wrong ;
 Nor have I, twisting Hudibrastic wire
 With the bold strings of Pindar's sounding lyre,

Like *Petry*, whom a random muse attends,
 With mirth convuls'd my laughter-loving friends.
 Nor is this all: I never did expose
 The ramblings of my mind in humble prose;
 No tempting, *letter-box* by me was fed
 With libels on the living or the dead:
 Diurnal prints I wisely let alone,
 O'erwhelm'd with rapid nonsense of their own;
 Nor did I ever paint lascivious scenes,
 Or lying *tête-à-tête* for magazines:
 To please the vicious, or amuse the vain,
 No luscious novel issued from my brain:
 Scorning that strongest band of Virtue's foes,
 I ne'er destroy'd her innocent repose.

Thus having past my inoffensive days,
 Deaf to the lure of literary praise;
 If now I trespass, mitigate the crime,
 By still remembering—'tis the *only* time;
 Nor let me find myself, for this *ADIEU*,
 Hung, drawn, and quarter'd in the next *Review*.
 Yet what avails it?—I were much to blame
 Idly to dream of wild poetic fame.
 The happy hermit, in his cell retir'd,
 Forgets the world, nor seeks to be admir'd;
 Yet, favour'd by the muse, his pensive strain
 Shall sometimes sooth the melancholy plain;
 His harp with harmony the vallies fill,
 And simple shepherds bless his tuneful skill.
 Hence let me haste; and, led by powers divine,
 Find the calm transports of his bosom mine!

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

S E C T.

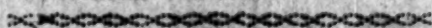
S E C T. CIII.

TO AVARICIOUS LADIES.

A DIEU to those of the attractive fair,
 Whom avarice teaches to prefer the prayer;
 Whose harden'd hearts ne'er beat with love or joy,
 But blunt the arrows of the Paphian boy;
 Whom modest merit supplicates in vain,
 Whose fame is prudence, and whose god is gain.
 Hasten, man the ship! to India let them sail;
 Interest the chart, and sordid sighs the gale.
 O'er seas of riches see the vessel go,
 Pride at the helm, and Plutus at the prow!
 Go, foolish fair! go venture fame and life,
 Go, and be call'd some knavish nabob's wife!
 Command thy vassals; view thy splendid store;
 What now is wanting?—Only ten times more!
 Add ten times more, and ten times that be thine,
 Content and riches thou shalt never join.
 The female heart that throbs with lust of gold,
 Shall faster throb the more her eyes behold.
 Strange! that in lovely bosoms there should rage
 The most detested vice of grasping age!
 So vernal blossoms all their sweets impart,
 But hide the hateful canker at the heart.
 Shield me, O shield me from the female mind
 That, warp'd by wealth, no chains but gold can bind!
 Though form'd by Beauty with angelic mien,
 "She looks a goddess, and she moves a queen,"

Her charms united never can supply
The tender bosom and the pitying eye.
More lovely far the plainest face appears,
Grac'd with the elegance of Virtue's tears;
And far beyond all wealth, the heart that glows
With the sweet sympathy of human woes!

THE FINAL FAREWELL.



S E C T. CIV.

AN EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF
PEMBROKE;

AND ANOTHER ON AN AMIABLE LADY.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.



UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.
If she had a single fault,
Leave it bury'd in this vault.

BEN JONSON

S E C T.

S E C T. CV.

A PLAINTIVE PASTORAL.

THENOT.

THY cloudy looks why melting thus in tears,
 Unseemly, now that heaven so blithe appears?
 Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
 Unthankful lad, when all things smile around?
 Hear how the lark and linnet jointly sing,
 Their notes soft-warbling to the gladsome spring!

COLINET.

Tho' soft their notes, not so my wayward fate:
 Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.
 Each creature to his proper task is born;
 As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
 Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
 And with my tears increase the falling dew.

THENOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain;
 Or who may then the weight of age sustain,
 When, as our waning strength does daily cease,
 The tiresome burthen doubles its increase?
 Yet tho' with years my body downwards tend,
 As trees beneath their fruit in autumn bend;
 My mind a cheerful temper still retains,
 Spite of my snowy head and icy veins:
 For, why should man at cross mishaps repine,
 S our all his sweet, and mix with tears his wine?
 But speak: for much it may relieve thy woe
 To let a friend thy inward ailment know.

COLINET.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste thee, Thenot, a whole day,
Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.
Thy ewes will wander, and thy heedless lambs
With loud complaints require their absent dams.

THENOT.

There's Lightfoot, he shall tend them close ; and I,
'Twixt whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end :
Scarce does one smiling hour my youth attend.
Tho' few my days, as my own follies show,
Yet all those days are clouded o'er with woe :
No gleam of happy sun-shine does appear,
My lowering sky, and wintry days, to cheer.
My piteous plight, in yonder naked tree
That bears the thunder-scar, too well I see ;
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
The mark of storms and sport of every wind :
Its riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring,
Nor any birds among the branches sing.
No more beneath thy shade shall shepherds throng
With merry tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
Unhappy tree ! and more unhappy I !
From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen hour wast born,
When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn ;
Or when the moon, by witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
Thro' sad eclipse a various train of woes.
Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

THENOT.

Nor wolf, nor fox, nor rot, amongst our sheep;
From these the shepherd's care his flock may keep;
Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! ah me the luckless day!
Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say.
Unhappy hour! when first, in youthful bud,
I left the fair Sabrina's silver flood:
Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy banks! oh when shall I once more
With longing eyes review thy flow'ry shore?
When, in the crystal of thy water, see
My face, grown wan thro' care and misery?
When shall I see my hut, the small abode
Myself had rais'd, and cover'd o'er with sod?
Tho' small it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what the cause that drew thee first away?
From thy lov'd home what tempted thee to stray?

COLINET.

A lewd desire strange lands and swains to know:
Ah God! that ever I should covet woe!
With wand'ring feet, unblest'd and fond of fame,
I sought I know not what, besides a name.

THENOT.

THENOT.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
 In hopes of wealth thou couldst not find at home?
 A rolling stone is ever bare of moss:
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in flatt'ring hopes of gain,
 To drive my pining flock athwart the plain
 To distant Cam: fine gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
 My sheep quite spent thro' travel and ill fare,
 And, like their keeper, ragged grow and bare:
 Here, on cold earth to make my nightly bed,
 And on a bending willow rest my head.
 'Tis hard to bear the pinching cold with pain,
 And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain:
 But neither want nor pinching cold is hard,
 To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
 Unkind as hail it falls, whose pelting show'rs
 Destroy the tender herb and budding flow'rs.

THENOT.

Slander, we shepherds count the greatest wrong;
 For, what wounds forer than an evil tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, who pleasure take in spite,
 Make mock of all the ditties I endite.
 In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
 Charms ev'ry vale, and gladdens ev'ry hill:
 In vain thou seek'st the cov'rings of the grove,
 In the cool shades to sing the heats of love;
 No passion, but rank envy, canst thou move.

Sing

Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And ev'ry elf has skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my song,
That to Menalcas does of right belong,
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease;
I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

THENOT.

Menalcas, lord of all the neighb'ring plains,
Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns.
For him our yearly wakes and feasts we hold,
And choose the fattest firstling from the fold.
He, good to all that good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live;
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And with due praise reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First then shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And ev'ry rapid river cease to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THENOT.

This night thy cares with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
Sweet milk and clotted cream, soft cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our ev'ning fare: and for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, that gentle sleep invite.
And now behold the sun's departing ray
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day.

With

With songs the jovial hinds return from plow,
And unyok'd heifers, pacing homeward, low.

PHILIPS.

S E C T. CVI.

THE TWO SWAINS.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Dorick reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song;
And Spenser, when amidst the rural throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made ev'ry sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on ev'ry tree was found.
Since, then, thro' Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle in full pastures thrive;
Like them will I my slender music raise,
And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.
Mean time on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
While my kids browse, obscure in shades I play:
Yet not obscure, while Dorset thinks not scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.
Two country swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship's mutual bonds united long,
Retir'd within a mossy cave, to shun
The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun,
A melancholy thought possess'd their mind:
Revolving now the solemn day they find,

When

When young Albino dy'd. His image dear
 Bedews their cheek with many a trickling tear:
 To tears they add the tribute of their verse;
 These Angelot, those Palin did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus yearly circling by-past times return;
 And yearly thus Albino's fate we mourn:
 Albino's fate was early, short his stay;
 How sweet the rose! how speedy the decay!

Can we forget how ev'ry creature moan'd,
 And sympathizing rocks in echo groan'd,
 Prefaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
 We lost Albino—pledge of peaceful times,
 The pride of Britain, and the darling joy
 Of all the plains and ev'ry shepherd boy?
 No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
 Nor shepherds found upon the grassy green;
 No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
 No birds were heard to warble thro' the wood.

In yonder gloomy grove stretcht out he lay,
 His beauteous limbs upon the dampy clay;
 The roses on his pallid cheeks decay'd,
 And o'er his lips a livid hue display'd:
 Bleating around him lay his pensive sheep,
 And mourning shepherds came in crouds to weep:
 The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd;
 Ye, conscious trees and fountains, can attest
 With what sad accents, and what moving cries,
 She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
 And ev'ry star upbraided with his death,
 When in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,

She

She clasp'd her son. Nor did the nymph for this
Place in her darling's welfare all her blifs,
And teach him young the filvan crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.

As milk-white swans on silver streams do show,
And silver streams to grace the meadows flow;
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou to thine an ornament wast born.

Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains;
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And over empty sheaves in harvest sweat:
A thin increase does our whole substance yield,
And thorns and thistles overspread the field.

How all our hopes are fled, like morning dew!
And we but in our thoughts thy manhood view.
Who now shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
And share the sacred honours of her praise;
In foreign fields to purchase endless fame,
And add new glories to the British name.

O peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest,
And flow'ry turf lie light upon thy breast;
Nor shrieking owl nor bat fly round thy tomb,
Nor midnight fairies there to revel come!

PALIN.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain;
Albino lives, and all our tears are vain.
And now the royal nymph who bore him, deigns
To bless the fields, and rule the simple swains,

While

While from above propitious he looks down.
 For this, the golden skies no longer frown,
 The planets shine indulgent on our isle,
 And rural pleasures round about us smile.
 Hills, dales and woods with shrilling pipes resound;
 The boys and virgins dance with garlands crown'd,
 And hail Albino blest: the vallies ring
 Albino blest! O now, if ever, bring
 The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 And tender branches from the mantling vine,
 The dewy cowslip, that in meadow grows,
 The fountain violet and garden rose:
 Your hamlets strew, and ev'ry public way,
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
 Myself will lavish all my little store,
 And deal about the goblet, flowing o'er:
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
 And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.
 To thee these honours yearly will we pay,
 When we our shearing feast and harvest keep,
 To speed the plow, and bless our thriving sheep.
 While mallow kids, and endive lambs pursue;
 While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew;
 While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
 Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

PHILIPS.

SECT.

S E C T. CVII.

PASTORAL MUSIC.

MICO.

THIS place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
 So lovingly these elms unite their head.
 Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
 Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
 The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
 Thro' which the springing flower up-rears its head.
 Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue,
 Medley'd with daisies white, and endive blue!
 Hark how the gaudy goldfinch, and the thrush,
 With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush!
 In pleasing concerts all the birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various song to join.
 Up, Argol, then; and to thy lip apply
 Thy mellow pipe, or vocal music try:
 And, since our ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
 Lie round and listen, while their lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The place indeed gives pleasure to the eye;
 And pleasure works the singer's fancy high:
 The fields breathe sweet; and now the gentle breeze
 Moves ev'ry leaf, and trembles thro' the trees.
 So sweet a scene ill suits my rugged lay,
 And better fits the music thou canst play.

MICO.

No skill of music can I, simple swain,
 No fine device thine ear to entertain:

Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
 Sufficient to divert my sheep and me;
 Yet Colinet (and Colinet has skill)
 My fingers guided on the tuneful quill,
 And try'd to teach me on what sounds to dwell,
 And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah Mico! half my flock would I bestow,
 Would Colinet to me his cunning show.
 So trim his sonnets are, I prithee, swain,
 Now give us once a sample of his strain:
 For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
 How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay:
 The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse,
 And ask what gift thou pleasest for thy verse.

MICO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse;
 A mournful song becomes a mournful muse.
 Fast by a river, on a bank he sat,
 To weep a lovely maid's untimely fate;
 Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was she,
 Whose fate he wept; a faithful shepherd he.

Awake, my pipe! in ev'ry note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he;
 And woeful I, who live the day to see!
 That ever she could die! O most unkind,
 To go, and leave thy Colinet behind!
 And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would she,
 With dying arms, have clasp'd herself to me:
 I clasp'd her too; but death was all too strong,
 Nor vows, nor tears, could fleeting life prolong.

Teach

Teach me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep;
 Teach me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep;
 Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh;
 And let my sorrows teach me how to die:
 Nor flock, nor stream, nor winds, can e'er relieve
 A wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake, my pipe! in ev'ry note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress,

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
 With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
 In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
 Her hour untimely, as it were your own.
 Alas! the fading glories of your eyes
 In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
 For, tho' your beauty rule the silly swain,
 And in his heart like little queens you reign;
 Yet death will ev'n that ruling beauty kill,
 As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.
 If either music's voice, or beauty's charm,
 Could make him mild, and stay his lifted arm;
 My pipe her face, her face my pipe should save,
 Redeeming thus each other from the grave.
 Ah fruitless wish! cold death's up-lifted arm
 No music can persuade, nor beauty charm:
 For see (O baleful sight!) see where she lies!
 The budding flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake, my pipe! in ev'ry note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now
 To weave fresh garlands for the damsel's brow?
 Throw by the lily, daffodil and rose;
 One of black yew, and willow pale, compose,

With

With baleful henbane, deadly night-shade drest;
 A garland that may witness thy unrest.
 My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
 And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
 Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted oak,
 Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak:
 Nor lark nor linnet shall by day delight,
 Nor nightingale divert my moan by night;
 The night and day shall undistinguish'd be
 Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle shepherd sing,
 And heavy woe within soft numbers bring:
 And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,
 Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
 To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
 The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
 And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

O Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear!
 How does thy verse subdue the list'ning ear!
 Not half so sweet are midnight winds, that move
 In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove;
 Nor dropping waters, that in grotts distil,
 And with a tinkling sound their caverns fill.
 So sing the swans, that in soft numbers waste
 Their dying breath, and warble to the last:
 And next to thee shall Mico bear the bell,
 That can repeat thy peerless verse so well.

But see! the hills increasing shadows cast:
 The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:

K

His

His weakly rays but glimmer thro' the wood,
And blueish mists arise from yonder flood.

MICO.

Then send our curs to gather up the sheep:
Good shepherds with their flocks betimes should sleep;
For, he that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies;
While in their folds his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

PHILIPS.



S E C T. CVIII.

THE CONTENDING SHEPHERDS.

GERON.

HOW still the sea! behold, how calm the sky!
And how, in sportive chace, the swallows fly!
My goats, secure from harm, no tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed:
And here below, the banky shore along
Your heifers graze: and I to hear your song
Dispos'd. As eldest, Hobbinol, begin;
And Lanquet's under-song by turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their skill,
Or kid, or lamb, or goat, or what they will;
For praise we sing, nor wager aught beside;
And, whose the praise, let GERON's lips decide.

LANQUET.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend:
Unbias'd, he to both is equal friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys, and vary well your song;
Nor fear, from Geron's upright sentence, wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no small-reward,
If with our usual country pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The snows are melted, and the kindly rain
Descends on ev'ry herb, and ev'ry grain;
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky:
The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The cuckoo tells aloud her painful love;
The turtle's voice is heard in ev'ry grove:
The pastures change, the warbling linnets sing,
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring.

HOBBINOL.

When locusts in the ferny bushes cry,
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,
Then graze in woods, and quit the burning plain;
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and you see
The ground bestrewed with fruits of ev'ry tree,
And stormy winds are heard; think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year.

K 2

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest Eliza! would I praise
Thy maiden rule, and Albion's golden days.
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend:
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now! for Dorset loves
The country muse, and our delightful groves,
While Anna reigns. O ever may she reign,
And bring on earth a golden age again!

HOBBINOL.

I love in secret all a beauteous maid,
And have my love in secret all repaid.
This coming night she does reserve for me:
Divine her name; and thou the victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love.
How we in secret love, I shall not say:
Divine her name; and I give up the day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a cowslip bank, my love and I
Together lay: a brook ran murm'ring by.
A thousand tender things to me she said,
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer shade, beneath the cocking hay,
What soft, endearing words did she not say!
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
And strok'd my cheeks, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow;
 Shield her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow;
 Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by;
 My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
 Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
 I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss.
 Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;
 She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong eye:
 Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
 Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
 Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay:
 The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
 Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen!
 Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green;
 Intent upon her beauties as she mov'd,
 Poor, heedless wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,
 And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
 Unable to refrain my madding mind,
 Nor sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, Rosalind, O come! for, without thee,
 What pleasure can the country have for me?
 Come, Rosalind, O come! my brinded kine,
 My snowy sheep, my farm, and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come, Rosalind, O come! here shady bow'rs,
 Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
 Come, Rosalind: here ever let us stay,
 And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
 The force of healing herbs, and where they grow;
 There is no herb, no season, may remove
 From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
 And ghosts and goblins order as I will;
 Yet have, with all my charms, no pow'r to lay
 The sprite, that breaks my quiet night and day?

HOBBINOL.

O that like Colin I had skill in rhymes,
 To purchase credit with succeeding times!
 Sweet Colin Clout! who never yet had peer,
 Who sung thro' all the seasons of the year.

LANQUET.

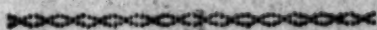
Let me like Wrenock sing: his voice had pow'r
 To free the 'elipsing moon at midnight hour:
 And, as he sung, the fairies, with their queen,
 In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

GERON-

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
 And both with Colin may in rhyme compare.
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
 To both I give. A mizzling mist descends
 Adown that steepy rock; and this way tends
 Yon distant rain. Shore-ward the vessels strive;
 And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

PHILIPS.



S E C T. CIX.

ON THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH MEN OF GENIUS HAVE
 TO STRUGGLE WITH.

I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
 Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet the languor of inglorious days
 Not equally oppressive is to all.
 Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of Praise,
 The silence of Neglect can ne'er appal.

K 4

There

There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame
 Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
 Health, competence and peace.—

DR. BEATTIE.

S E C T. CX.

ON RETIREMENT.

I.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of heaven
 His glittering gem displays;
 Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive youth of placid mien,
 Indulg'd this tender theme :

II.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
 High o'er the glimmering dale;
 Ye woods, along whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale;
 Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
 And Woe retires to weep,
 What time the wan moon's yellow horn
 Gleams on the western deep :

III.

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,

'Scaped

'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
 To your retreats I fly.
 Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 Let me at last recline,
 Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

IV.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
 Thy heavenly smile how win?
 Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
 And stills the storm within.
 O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
 Thine ardent votary bring,
 And bless his hours, and bid them move
 Serene, on silent wing!

V.

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When in the lap of Peace reclin'd
 He fram'd his infant lays;
 When Fancy rovd at large, nor Care
 Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
 Nor Envy with malignant glare
 His simple youth had harm'd.

VI.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
 His early vows were paid,
 From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
 Devoted to the shade.
 Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
 In stormy paths to roam,

Remote from all congenial joy?—
O take the wanderer home.

VII.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

VIII.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye!

IX.

But if some pilgrim thro' the glade
Thy hallow'd bow'rs explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

X.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;

No more I climb those toilsome heights;
 By guileful Hope misled;
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To Mirth's enlivening strain;
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain.

DR. BEATTIE.



S E C T. CXL

AN ELEGY.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream;
 Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
 And sad realities in prospect rise;
 And, from Elysian slumbers rudely torn,
 The startled soul awakes, to think and mourn?

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance;
 Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
 Glittering in beams of visionary day;
 O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
 Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
 Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
 Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, Beauteous, Good! O every grace combin'd,
 That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
 Fresh, as the flow'et opening on the morn,
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
 Sweet, as the downy-pinioned gale, that roves
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
 Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
 That, heard remote, along the vale decay!
 Yet, why with these compar'd? What tints so fine,
 What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
 Why roam abroad, since recollection true
 Restores the lovely form to Fancy's view?
 Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
 That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
 Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;
 That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
 Still let me listen, while her words impart
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
 Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, age is young,
 And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow;
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
 But when youth's living bloom reflects the beams,
 Resistless on the view the glory streams,
 Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah,

Ah, whither fled? Ye dear illusions, stay!
 Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
 How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
 Which late the purple light of youth display'd!
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;
 With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
 Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh;
 When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

Cold the soft hand, that sooth'd Woe's weary head!
 And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
 And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
 O Death! why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower?
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven?
 Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven?
 But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting heart!
 We, not *Eliza*, felt the fatal dart.
 Escap'd the dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor blest the friendly hand that broke the chain?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy deeps in storm perpetual toss'd,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,

And

And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm, no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew;
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due:
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her lov'd dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
How vain the hope of man! But cease thy strain,
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

DR. BEATTIE.



S E C T. CXII.

ON A THUNDER-STORM, AT MIDNIGHT.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro

Thro' nature's ever-varying scene,
 By different ways pursued,
 The one eternal end of Heav'n
 Is universal good:

With like beneficent effect
 O'er flaming æther glows,
 As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
 Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
 That vulgar minds molest,
 Let no fantastic terrors break
 My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
 Of Providence defend,
 And delegated angels round
 Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day!

MISS CARTER.

SECT.

S E C T. CXIII.

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

AT day's early dawn, a gay Butterfly spy'd
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his
bride;

She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him he need not despair.
Their vows they soon plighted, as lovers still do;
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.
It had not been prudent to deal with delay:
The bloom of a Rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day. }

II.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies;
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies:
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one fourth of his journey to run.
The Rose thus reproach'd him—"Already so cold?
"How feign'd, O you false one! that passion you told!
" 'Tis an age since you left me"—she meant a few hours;
But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers.

III.

"I saw when you gave the base Vi'let a kiss:
"How could you descend to such meanness as this?
"Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
"Find favour, oh Love, in my Butterfly's eyes?
"On a Tulip, quite tawdry, I mark'd your foul rape;
"Nor yet could the pitiful Primrose escape:
"Dull Daffodils, too, were with passion address'd,
"And Poppies, ill-scented, you fondly caress'd."

The

IV.

The coxcomb was piqued, and reply'd with a sneer,
 " That you're first to complain, I commend you, my
 dear;

" But, know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
 " And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

" I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms;

" I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms:

" The Honey-bee kiss'd you, you must not disown;

" You favour'd, likewise, O dishonour! a Drone!

" What's worse—'tis a fault which you cannot deny,

" Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a Fly."

THE MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's providence make,
 That ev'ry coquet should be curs'd with a rake.

CUNNINGHAM.



S E C T. CXIV.

ON LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM A MUCH ADMIR'D LATIN EXER-
 CISE OF LORD NORTH, WHICH HE COMPOSED
 WHEN AT ETON.

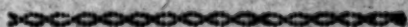
LIKE as the bustling bee, when spring displays
 Her blooming honours to Apollo's rays,
 Seeks the new gardens, and on Flora treads,
 Or sips the nectar from the blushing meads:
 Here vi'lets bloom, and here a lily grows,
 But here buds forth the sweet *Idalian rose*:

Here

Here various blossoms smile in fancy's line,
 The more diverse, the more the blossoms shine:
 Here various flow'rets shed a various sweet,
 And too great plenty tires the insect's feet.
 Thus when Britannia boasts her female bands
 Of choicest nymphs, whom Venus' self commands;
 Ign'rant, you know not how to tune your lays,
 To sing, at first, an individual's praise;
 With equal merit each deserves your lyre,
 For each casts lustre with an equal fire.
 Lydia with beauty shines: fair Laura's kind;
 But different beauties shine in Aula's mind:
 This with her softness, that with grace excels:
 This charms the sight; but that with conquest swells:
 Ælia in voice the tuneful swan outvies,
 Ælia with music fills the lofty skies:
 The swan's gay plumage now no more looks white;
 When Chloe's present ev'ry feather's night:
 In stature Chlora's small, in wit profound;
 The sweetest violet creeps along the ground.
 Clarissa's hair with no allurement flows,
 Her cheeks despise the lilies and the rose;
 Ease with content Clarissa gently joins,
 And while her locks displease, her judgment shines.
 Whoe'er you are that scorn blind Cupid's dart,
 Your breast remains not perfect from a smart:
 If you despise Clarissa's noble charms,
 Chloe with beauty ev'ry thought disarms;
 Beauty and judgment ev'ry sense command,
 And while a female's present, love's at hand.
 Venus to each bestow'd her different charms;
 This wounds with beauty—that with nobler arms.

This

This power they have : alas ! blind Cupid's dart !
Each stroke avails, each arrow wounds the heart.



S E C T. CXV.

A SONG BY MR. WHITEHEAD*.

SUNG BY MR. BEARD AT THE ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, GOVERNORS,
&c. OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

I.

OF trophies and laurels I mean not to sing,
Of *Prussia's* brave prince, or of *Britain's* good
king :

Here the poor claim my song ; then the art I'll display,
How you all shall be gainers—by giving away.

II.

The cuse of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow :
So here with your purse the like wonder you'll find ;
The more you draw out, still—the more left behind.

* One year, through inadvertency, the collection for the benefit of the hospital was made before this song was called for. Mr. Beard, being requested to sing it afterwards, replied, that, as the company had given their charity, it could not answer the end for which it was intended. The duke of Devonshire, however, insisted that it should be sung, and a second collection made, which amounted to 700 guineas, whereof the duke himself contributed ten guineas. Such is the effect of a sensible, well-timed song.

III. The

III.

The prodigal here without danger may spend ;
 That ne'er can be lavish'd, to Heaven we lend ;
 And the miser his purse-strings may draw without pain,
 For what miser won't give—when giving is gain ?

IV.

The gamester, who sits up whole days and whole nights,
 To hazard his health and his fortune at *White's*,
 Much more to advantage his bets he may make ;
 Here, set what he will, he will double his stake.

V.

The fair one, whose heart the four aces controul,
 Who fights for *sans-prendre*, and dreams of a *vole*,
 Let her here send a tithe of her gains at *Quadrille*,
 And she'll ne'er want a friend—in victorious *Spadille*.

VI.

Let the merchant, who trades on the perilous sea,
 Come here and insure, if from loss he'd be free :
 A policy here from all danger secures,
 For safe is the venture—which Heaven insures.

VII.

The stock-jobber, too, may subscribe without fear,
 In a fund which for ever a premium must bear ;
 Where the stock must still rise, and where scrip will
 prevail,
 Tho' South-Sea, and India, and *Omnia* should fail.

VIII.

The * churchman likewise his advantage may draw,
 And here buy a living in spite of the law—

* Additional stanza for the annual feast of the Sons of the Clergy.

In Heaven, I mean; then, without any fear,
Let him purchase away—there's no simony here.

IX.

Ye * rakes, who the joys of Hymen disclaim,
And seek, in the ruin of virtue, a fame;
You may here boast a triumph consistent with duty,
And keep, without guilt, a seraglio of beauty.

X.

If from charity then such advantages flow,
That you still gain the more—the more you bestow;
Here's the place will afford you rich profit with ease:
When the bason comes round, be as rich as you please.

XI.

Then a health to that patron †, whose grandeur and
store
Yield aid and defence to the sick and the poor;
Whom no courtier can flatter, no patriot can blame:
But, our President's here—or I'd tell you his name.

S E C T. CXVI.

THE LIBRARY.

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief oppress'd,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for
rest;

When every object that appears in view
Partakes her gloom, and seems dejected too;

* Additional stanza for the Magdalen Hospital.

† The late Duke of Devonshire.

Where

Where shall affliction from itself retire?
 Where fade away, and placidly expire?
 Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain:
 Care blasts the honours of the flow'ry plain;
 He veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
 Sighs through the grove, and murmurs in the stream;
 For when the soul is labouring in despair,
 In vain the body breathes a purer air.
 No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas,
 He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
 On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
 Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
 The ghost of every former danger glides.
 Thus in the calms of life we only see
 A steadier image of our misery:
 But lively gales, and gently-clouded skies,
 Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;
 And busy thoughts, and little cares, prevail
 To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
 When the dull thought, by no designs employ'd,
 Dwells on the past, or suffer'd or enjoy'd,
 We bleed anew in every former grief,
 And joys departed furnish no relief.

Not Hope herself, with her old flattering art,
 Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart;
 The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
 And anxious searches for congenial cares;
 Those lenient cares, which, with our own combin'd,
 By mixt sensations ease th' afflicted mind,
 And steal our grief away, and leave their own behind.
 A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
 Without regret, nor ev'n demand a cure.

But

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
 The troubled mind to change its native woes ?
 Or lead us willing from ourselves to see
 Others more wretched, more undone than we ?
 This books can do—nor this alone ; they give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live ;
 They soothe the griev'd, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise.
 Their aid they yield to all ; they never shun
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone :
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
 They fly not fullen from the suppliant crowd ;
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But shew to subjects what they shew to kings.

Come then, and entering view this spacious scene,
 'This sacred dome, this noble magazine ;
 Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
 And mental physic the diseas'd in mind.
 See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
 See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage :
 Here alt'ratives by slow degrees controul
 The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
 And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
 Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.

In this selection, which the human mind
 With care has made, for glory has design'd,
 All should be perfect ; or at least appear
 From falsehood, vanity, and passion clear :
 But man's best efforts taste of man, and show
 The poor and troubled source from whence they flow ;
 His very triumphs his defeats must speak,
 And ev'n his wisdom serves to prove him weak.

Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
 Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules ;
 From courts and crowds to Wisdom's seat she goes,
 And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.
 Yon folios, once the darlings of the mode,
 Now lie neglected like the birth-day ode ;
 There learning, stuff'd with maxims trite tho' sage,
 Makes indigestion yawn at every page :
 Chain'd like Prometheus, lo ! the mighty train
 Brave Time's fell tooth, and live and die again ;
 And now the scorn of men, and now the pride,
 The fires respect them, and the sons deride,

CRABBE.



S E C T. CXVII.

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE BOOKS.

WITH awe around these silent walks I tread,
 These are the lasting mansions of the dead ;
 The dead ! methinks a thousand tongues reply,
 These are the tombs of those who cannot die :
 Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
 And laugh at all the little strife of time.

Hail, then, Immortals ! ye who shine above,
 Each in his sphere the literary Jove ;
 And ye the common people of these skies,
 An humbler crowd of nameless deities ;
 Whether 'tis yours to lead the willing mind
 Through History's mazes, and the turnings find ;
 Or whether, led by Science, ye retire,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the vast desire ;

Whether

Whether the Muse invites you to her bowers,
 And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;
 Or godlike Wisdom teaches you to show
 The noblest road to happiness below;
 Or men and manners prompt the easy page
 To mark the flying follies of the age:—
 Whatever good ye boast, that good impart,
 Inform the head, and rectify the heart.

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,
 And mighty Folios first, a lordly band;
 Then Quartos their well-order'd ranks maintain,
 And light Octavos fill a spacious plain:
 See yonder, rang'd in more frequented rows,
 An humbler band of Duodecimos;
 While undistinguish'd trifles swell the scene,
 The last new play, and fritter'd magazine.
 Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
 In leagu'd assembly keep their cumbrous state;
 Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
 Are much admir'd, and are but little read:
 The commons next, a middle rank are found;
 Professions fruitful pour their offspring round;
 Wits, bards, and idlers, fill a ratter'd row,
 And the vile vulgar lie disdain'd below.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
 Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by,
 Where all combin'd their decent pomp display,
 Where shall we first our early offering pay?
 To thee, Philosophy! to thee, the light,
 The guide of mortals through their mental night;
 By whom the world in all its views is shown,
 Our guide through Nature's works, and in our own;

L

Who

Who place in order Being's wondrous chain,
 Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
 By art divine involv'd, which man can ne'er explain.

Next History ranks. There full in front she lies,
 And every nation her dread tale supplies ;
 Yet History has her doubts, and every age
 With sceptic queries marks the passing page :
 Records of old nor later date are clear,
 Too distant those, and these are plac'd too near ;
 There time conceals the objects from our view,
 Here our own passions, and a writer's too.
 Yet in these volumes see how states arose,
 Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes !
 Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
 Lo ! how they sunk to slavery again !
 Sate with power, of fame and wealth possess'd,
 A nation grows too glorious to be blest ;
 Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
 And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.

Thus speaks the page that paints Ambition's race,
 The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace ;
 The headlong course that madd'ning heroes run,
 How soon triumphant, and how soon undone ;
 How slaves, turn'd tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
 And each fall'n nation's melancholy tale.

Lo ! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
 Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood,
 There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
 Stand the profane delusions of the Stage.
 Yet Virtue owns the Tragic Muse a friend,
 Fable her means, morality her end ;

For this she rules all passions in their turns,
 And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns;
 Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
 Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul;
 She makes the vile to Virtue yield applause,
 And own her sceptre, while they break her laws;
 For Vice in others is abhorr'd of all,
 And villains glory in a villain's fall.

Not thus her sister Comedy prevails,
 Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails;
 Folly, by dulness arm'd, receives no wound,
 But harmless sees the feather'd shafts rebound.
 Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
 Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
 Yet well she paints in her descriptive scenes,
 What pride will stoop to, what profession means;
 How formal fools the farce of state applaud,
 How caution watches at the lips of fraud;
 The wordy variance of domestic life,
 The tyrant husband, the retorting wife;
 The snares for innocence, the lie of trade,
 And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.

With her the virtues too obtain a place,
 Each gentle passion, each becoming grace;
 The social joy in life's securer road,
 Its easy pleasure, its substantial good;
 The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
 And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

CRABBE.

S E C T. CXVIII.

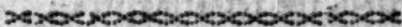
A SONNET.

YE roses, bow your lovely heads,
 Nor boast your damask hue;
 For, see, yon spotless lily-spreads
 Her charms to rival you.

So, in each beauteous female breast,
 Does envy's passion dwell;
 Each lovely nymph, of charms possess'd,
 Endeavours to excel.

Ah! foolish maids, behold your doom
 In yonder faded flower;
 For, what is beauty's softest bloom?
 The triumph of an hour!

MISS H. FALCONER.



S E C T. CXIX.

ON FASHION

FASHION, more fickle than the breeze,
 As this is up, and that is down,
 In various forms attempts to please
 The humours of th' inconstant Town.

In fable vest she now appears,
 And now in snowy robes is seen;

So different is the hue she wears,
She moves the rainbow's changeful queen.

Courted by every breast, she flies
From gay to grave, from grave to gay ;
She roves at large, and freely cries,
Let Fashion gild each varying day.

MISS H. FALCONAR.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
S E C T. CXX.

NIGHT ; A SATIRICAL POEM :

ADDRESSED TO MR. LLOYD.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find* relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the Day's broad glare ;
We *Night* prefer, which heals or hides our care.

Rogues justified and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by † gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day ;

* A friend, a book, the social hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. THOMSON.

† The term *sanctified* here, taken in connection with the word
justified in the former line, means no more than countenanced or
emboldened.

But thread-bare * Merit dares not shew the head,
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light ;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

The wretch, bred up in Method's drowsy school,
Whose merit only is to err by rule ;
Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought ;
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine ;
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace
Still travels on thro' life's insipid space ;
Turns up his eyes, to think that there should be,
Among God's creatures, two such things as † *we* ;
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours !—Fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean ?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the Sun,
Expatiates on *good hours*, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent friends*.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phrase in his own private view,
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make ;

* True merit may be neglected, while worthless fools prosper and
become rich : but let it ever be remembered,

Greatness alone in *virtue's* understood ;

None's truly *great*, but he who's truly good.

† A body and soul.

Shine

Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
 Make yourselves rules to all the world beside.
 Reason, collected in herself, disdains
 The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
 Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
 Nor to *bare words* inglorious tribute pays.
 Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
 And Reason to herself alone is * law.
 That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
 Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
 No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,
 No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
 All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
 And all are good, if † *virtuously* enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
 With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
 In all the dignity of *wig* declare
 The fatal consequence of midnight air,
 How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
 Undermine life, and sap the walls of health:
 For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
 I'll live, and be physician to myself.
 Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether Fate
 Allot a longer or a shorter date,

* The laws of Reason, however disregarded and set at nought by the gay and thoughtless part of mankind, are properly attended to and esteemed by the sober and discerning *few*, as truly salutary, rational and important.

† This is the judgment of *Reason*; but, alas! what have the candidates for pleasure and dissipation in high life, to do with either Reason or its dictates? Nothing, unless it be to abuse the one, and laugh at the other.—So much for rational *irrationals*.

I'll make them live as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be * ill.

Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools!

As well may sons of physic hope to find
One *medicine*, as one † *hour*, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.

What reason this which *me* to bed must call,
Whose head (thank Heaven!) never aches at all?

In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I sicken at the Sun.

Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right;
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.

Purblind to Poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce fees rags an inch beyond his nose;

* This is the language, and too much influences the practice of the giddy multitude in the present day, however derogatory and repugnant to right reason and discretion.

† However specious this method of reasoning may appear, it can be no *just* defence or encouragement for keeping (what are generally stiled) *bad* hours.

But from a crowd can single out his Grace,
And cringe and creep to * fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd,
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before ;
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a *slump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown
Gratefully strove to kick his Maker down :
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage :
If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty-letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth :
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray ;
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
Where Virtue, † self-approv'd, reclines her head ;
Whilst Vice beneath *imagin'd* horrors mourns,
And Conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns ;
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,

* Men of rank and fortune, however weak or wicked they may be, will always find fools enough to court, and sycophants enough to flatter them.

† Having nothing within to distract the mind, or disturb the rest, virtue is truly its own reward, tho' dwelling in the cottage of an humble swain.

Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
 And darts through Nature at a single glance;
 Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
 And see by night what fools we are by day.

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
 See where Ambition mean and loathsome lies!
 Reflection, with relentless hand, pulls down
 The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown,
 In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
 Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
 Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
 And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
 But if in searching round the world we find
 Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind;
 Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
 In terrors only at the *guilty* head;
 Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
 In gen'ral love and charity to all;
 Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
 And doubly pleas'd we find it on our ** own*.

Through a false medium things are shewn by day,
 Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
 How many from appearance borrow state,
 Whom Night disdains to number with the great!
 Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud
 Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd;
 Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
 Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Whilst, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
 And seems the only charioteer of state;

* This is no unpleasing compliment to his present Majesty;
 Heaven grant he may long live to deserve it!

Talking

Talking himself into a little God,
 And ruling empires with a single nod ?
 Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
 That he had int'rest, and that they had sense ?
 Injurious thought ! Beneath Night's honest shade
 When pomp is buried and false colours fade,
 Plainly we see, at that impartial hour,
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel Fate
 To court the *seeming*, or the *real* great !
 Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
 Than any slave who * labours at the oar.
 By slavish methods must he learn to please,
 By smooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curst *court-disease* ;
 Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike fail,
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
 To Nature dead, he must adopt vile Art,
 And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
 A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
 And conscience ne'er must speak, unless in dreams.
 When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
 Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers ;
 When he at last expects, good easy man,
 To reap the profits of his labour'd plan ;
 Some cringing lacquey, or rapacious whore,
 To favours of the Great the surest door,
 Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,

* To flatter the crimes, or servilely court the smiles, of the rich and great, is a work fit only for men destitute of honour, probity and reputation.

Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
 And for some minion's minion claims the prize.
 Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
 Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
 To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by ;
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie ;
 Too plain to please, too honest to be great ;
 Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state :
 Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe ;
 Far from the walk of folly, vice and strife,
 Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,
 Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
 To fear his Lordship's frown, or court his smile.
 Unfit for Greatness, I her snares defy,
 And look on riches with untainted eye.
 To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall,
 Content shall place us * far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
 We see what vain designs mankind engage ;
 Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
 And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
 Perplex'd with trifles, thro' the vale of life,
 Man strives 'gainst man, without a † cause for strife ;

* Well may the poet say,
 Desire not riches, they bewitch,
 Contentment makes the poor man rich,
Multa petentibus desunt multa. Hor.

† How many are the troubles men wilfully draw upon themselves, which they might easily avoid, if they were but thoughtful, prudent, humble and contented !

Armies

Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,
 For some vile spot, which cannot *fifty* feed.
 Squirrels for nuts contend; and, wrong or right,
 For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
 What odds?—*To us* 'tis all the self-same thing,
 A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
 Are cast by Nature in a patriot mould;
 No private joy, no private grief they know,
 Their soul's engross'd by public weal or woe.
 Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
 Whilst cares with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
 Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
 Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
 All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
 To rule in politics as well as wit.

The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
 Start up (God bless us!) statesmen * all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
 The court-bred lord his promises and † debts;
 Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
 The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
 Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
 And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
 And boast an equal, or a greater zeal;
 From nymph to nymph the state infection flies,
 Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.

* The rage for politics among all ranks of people, especially in London, is here justly reprehended.

† This is a melancholy truth, and too frequently verified, to the ruin of many an honest and industrious tradesman.

O'erwhelm'd by politics, lie malice, pride,
 Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
 No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
 A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
 No more they pant for public raree-shows,
 Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
 Coquets no more pursue the jilting plan,
 And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.
 The darling theme Cæcilia's self will chuse,
 Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of * news.

The Cit, a common-council-man by place,
 Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
 By situation as by nature great,
 With nice precision parcels out the state;
 Proves and disproves, affirms and then denies,
 Objects himself, and to himself replies;
 Wielding aloft the politician rod,
 Makes P— by turns a devil and a god;
 Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
 The same thing right and wrong in half an hour.
 Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
 And plainly proves, *whatever is, is not*.
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
 His useless scales are in a corner flung,
 And Europe's † balance hangs upon his tongue.

* Female politicians abound among the fair sex, in the present day, who would be much better, and far more suitably employed, in studying domestic æconomy, than the state of the nation.

† A just satire upon some of the city common-councilmen, who, like *Jacks in office*, are very fond of hearing themselves talk, though God knows they have nothing to say—to the purpose.

Peac

Peace to such triflers! Be our happier plan
 To pass through life as easy as we can.
 Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
 Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
 Secrets of state no more I wish to know
 Than setret movements of a puppet-show;
 Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
 Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall?
 Thanks to our fortune, *we* pay none at all.
 Let muckworms, who in dirty aeres deal,
 Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
 His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please;
 But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
 By custom safe the poet's numbers flow,
 Free as the light and air some years ago.
 No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
 To tax our labours, and * excise our brains.
 Burthens like these vile *earthly* buildings bear,
 No tribute's laid on *castles* in the air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
 And England's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
 Let every *venal* clan and *neutral* tribe
 Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
 Let each new-year call loud for new supplies,
 And tax on tax with double burthens rise;

* The *pale* tax some years ago included the head with all its contents, and therefore in consequence the *brains* were not forgotten; though (it may be) in many instances the head was not much the better for them.

Exempt *we* sit, by no rude cares oppress,
 And, having little, are with * little blest.
 All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
 And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
 Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
 Nor one dull thought foretels approach of Day.

Thus have we liv'd ; and whilst the Fates afford
 Plain Plenty to supply the frugal board ;
 Whilst Mirth, with Decency † his lovely bride,
 And Wine's gay God, with Temp'rance by his side,
 Their welcome visit pay ; whilst Health attends
 The narrow circle of our chosen friends ;
 Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,
 And ——— makes society complete ;
 Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
 Those *hackney strumpets*, Prudence and the World.

Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
 Virtue, with godlike Wisdom for her guide ;
 But now, in gen'ral use, is known to mean
 The stalking-horse of Vice, and ‡ Folly's screen.
 The sense perverted, we retain the name ;
 Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A Tutor once, more read in men than books,
 A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,

* It has been wittily observed, Blessed are they who have not much, for they can lose but little.

† Those whom the poet here has joined together, let no man put asunder.

‡ It is the fashion of the gay world, however absurd, to misname things ; by which method sobriety is reckon'd squeamishness ; prudence, hypocrisy ; virtue, want of spirit ; and impudence, the ton.

Demurely

Demurely fly, with high preferment blest,
 His fav'rite pupil in these words addrest :
 " Wouldst thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,
 By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd ;
 Be this thy rule : Be what men *prudent* call ;
 Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
 Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
 The world will give thee credit for the rest.
 Outward be fair, however foul within ;
 Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
 This maxim's into common favour grown,
 Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
 Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field ;
 But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
 Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
 Let Prudence lead thee to a *postern* door ;
 Stay out all night, but take especial care
 That † Prudence brings thee back to early prayer.
 As one with watching and with study faint,
 Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint."

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
 And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
 Successfully pursu'd the plan, and now,
 " Room for my Lord—Virtue, stand by and bow."

And is this all?—Is this the worldling's art
 To mask, but not amend a vicious heart?

* Prudence, one would think, should rather lead *from*, than *to*,
 either the *great* or *little* doors of a *brothel*.

† Worldly prudence may dictate the necessity of shunning out-
 ward flagrant crimes to save appearances, and maintain the good
 opinion of our fellow creatures; but what will this avail in the
 eyes and estimation of the Deity?

Shall

Shall lukewarm caution, and demeanour grave,
 For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
 Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
 Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
 Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
 Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
 Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
 Seems what she * is, and scorns to pass for more?
 Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
 Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold;
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
 To † flatter others, or deny myself.
 Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
 I would not be *that* Thing, *that* Prudent Man.

What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppose
 Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
 Let not conceit, or peevish lust to rail,
 Above all sense of interest prevail.
 Throw off, for shame, this petulance of wit,
 Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
 Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight;
 You must be wrong, the ‡ World is in the right.

* Virtue being no friend to hypocrisy or disguise, is little
 suited to the taste of sycophants and flatterers, who never appear
 but in false colours:

By which they get themselves in place,
 While real virtue's in disgrace.

† A good resolution, if persisted in and attended to, worthy
 the *most exalted* characters. Would to God all men would
 adopt it!

‡ In the general, they who are called the *world*, are as good
 judges of right and wrong as a blind man is of colours.

What

What is this World? a term which men have got
 To signify, not one in ten knows what;
 A term, which with no more precision passes
 To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
 In common use no more it means, we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change Nature's stated laws?
 Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
 Vice must be * vice, virtue be virtue still,
 Tho' thousands rail at good, and practise ill.
 Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
 Because vast nations on his part engage?
 Tho' to support the rebel Cæsar's cause,
 Tumultuous legions arm against the laws;
 Tho' Scandal would *our Patriot's* name impeach,
 And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
 What honest man but would with joy submit
 To bleed with Cato, and retire with PITT?

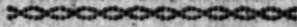
Stedfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
 Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
 Let the world talk, my friend; that world, we know,
 Which calls us guilty, cannot *make* us so.
 Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
 Assert the rights, or quit the *name* of Man.
 Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
 Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.
 In spite of dulness, and in spite of wit,
 If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,

* We may change the *names*, but shall never be able to alter the *nature* of virtue or vice, call them by what names we will.

Rather

Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

CHURCHILL.



S E C T. CXXI.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

HAPPY! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain:
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

BURNS.

SECT.

S E C T. CXXII.

AN INSCRIPTION UPON THOMSON'S MONUMENT; AND
ANOTHER UNDER THE MONUMENTS OF MILTON
AND GRAY, IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

TUTOR'D by thee, sweet Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die!

NO more the Grecian Muse unrival'd reigns,
To Briton let the nations homage pay;
She finds a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

S E C T. CXXIII.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY, IN THE VIEW OF
DISSOLUTION.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!

In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stept aside,
 Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But Thou art good; and Goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

BURNS

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 S E C T. CXXIV.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF GLOOMY AND STORMY WEATHER  
 ON THE AUTHOR'S MIND.

THE sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,  
 The joyless winter day  
 Let others fear, to me more dear  
 Than all the pride of May.  
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,  
 My griefs it seems to join;  
 The leafless trees my fancy please,  
 Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme  
 These woes of mine fulfil,

Here firm I rest : they must be best,  
 Because they are thy will.  
 Then all I want (Oh, do Thou grant  
 This one request of mine !)  
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,  
 Assist me to *reign*.

BURNS



## S E C T. CXXV.

DESCRIPTION OF A SCHOOL-BOY PASSING THROUGH  
 A CHURCH-YARD AT NIGHT.

OF T in the lone church-yard at night I've seen  
 By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the  
 trees,

The school-boy, with his fatchel in his hand,  
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones  
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)  
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
 Sudden he starts ! and hears, or thinks he hears,  
 The sound of something purring at his heel :  
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,  
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;  
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
 O'er some new-open'd grave ; and, strange to tell !  
 Evanesces at crowing of the cock.

BLAIR.

S E C T



## S E C T. CXXVI.

NATURAL DESCRIPTION OF A WIDOW MOURNING  
OVER THE GRAVE OF HER HUSBAND.

THE new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,  
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :  
 Little she crawls along in doleful black,  
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
 Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.  
 Prone on the lovely grave of the dear man  
 She drops; while busy meddling memory,  
 In barbarous succession, musters up  
 The past endearments of their softer hours,  
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks  
 She sees him; and, indulging the fond thought,  
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

BLAIR.



## S E C T. CXXVII.

## A FUNERAL DESCRIBED.

BUT see ! the well plum'd hearse comes nodding on  
 Stately and slow ; and properly attended  
 By the whole sable trade, that painful watch  
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,  
 By letting out their persons by the hour  
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.  
 How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd

And

And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries  
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,  
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people  
 Retard th' unwieldy shew; whilst from the casements,  
 And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd  
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us why this waste?  
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcase  
 That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril  
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,  
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
 Why is the principle conceal'd, for which  
 You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:  
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,  
 The Painter casts discreetly into shades.

BLAIR.



## S E C T. CXXVIII.

NO ACCOMPLISHMENTS CAN SECURE US FROM THE  
 COMMON FATE OF MANKIND.

**B**EAUTY! thou pretty play-thing! dear deceit!  
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before!  
 The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,  
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers  
 Flock round thee now to gaze and do thee homage?  
 Methinks, I see thee with thy head low laid;  
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,

M

Th

The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd  
 Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?  
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass,  
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,  
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!  
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
 Look how the fair one weeps! The conscious tears  
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs.  
 Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain  
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,  
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye  
 Applies the sight-invigorating tube;  
 And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space  
 Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs,  
 That roll with regular confusion there,  
 In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!  
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:  
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;  
 And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,  
 Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the great masters of the healing art,  
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!  
 Spite of their juleps and catholicons,  
 Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,  
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
 And all thy well-cram'd magazines of health?  
 Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,  
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,  
 Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs  
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,

And



And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,  
Nor writhy snake escap'd thy deep research.

BLAIR.

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S E C T. CXXIX.

ON THE SEXTON.

DEATH's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village
swain,

And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?

'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

BLAIR.

S E C T. CXXX.

ON THE EXIT OF THE GOOD MAN.

— SURE the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was,
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view; and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
 Whilst the glad gates of fight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought.

BLAIR.

S E C T. CXXXI.

ON THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

EACH soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own. Hence ye prophane!
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,

Can

Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days; and what he can he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake his partner; but amidst the crowd
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush with all th'impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who having long been absent,
 With haste runs over every diff'rent room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

BLAIR.



S E C T. CXXXII.

ON A PAIR OF SCALES.

WOULD men their faults and passions weigh
 In reason's even scale;
 And mind, in all they do or say,
 That folly don't prevail:

M 3

Then

Then might they shun the various ills
 That inattention brings;
 By reason regulate their wills,
 And happier live than kings.

MISS M. FALCONAR.

~~~~~

S E C T. CXXXIII.

ON THE EFFECTS OF WINTER.

SEE hoary-headed Winter comes,  
 In snowy vest array'd;  
 No tender blossom sweetly blooms  
 To grace the leafless shade.

At his approach the painted vale  
 Relinquishes her bright array;  
 Nor violet blue, nor primrose pale,  
 Perfumes the breath of day.

The silver stream forgets to glide,  
 Nor murmurs through the mead;  
 No more upon its grassy side  
 The flocks, delighted, feed.

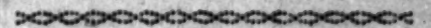
The shady elm, the lofty oak,  
 Withdraw their verdant charms,  
 For nature feels the withering stroke,  
 And sinks in Winter's arms.

Through every change of varying time  
 My voice shall grateful sing,

And

And own thy goodness most sublime,  
O mercy's gracious King!

MISS H. FALCONAR.



S E C T. CXXXIV.

ON INFANCY.

**H**AIL, scenes of life more lovely than the spring,  
More beauteous than the dawn of summer's day,  
More gay and artless than the birds that sing  
Their tuneful sonnets on the leafy spray!

Adieu, ye paths adorn'd with springing flowers :  
Oh ! could those vernal sweets again be given,  
When guardian angels watch'd my guiltless hours,  
And strove to guide my erring steps to heaven.

So the first pair in Paradise were blest,  
Perpetual pleasures open'd to the view ;  
Nor guilt, nor fear, disturb'd the peaceful breast,  
Nor anxious care their happy moments knew.

But, ah ! those joys shall fly with winged speed,  
And leave to busy care the jocund scene ;  
To innocence shall guilt and pain succeed ;  
To lively youth long hours of gloom and spleen.

So shines the sun in orient splendour bright,  
So bloom the roses on a summer's day ;  
The sun shall sink in dark and cheerless night,  
The blooming roses feel a sure decay.

M 4

MISS H. FALCONAR.



## S E C T. CXXXV.

ALBERT AND ELWEENA.

O 'ER evening skies the queen of night  
 Had spread her silver beam,  
 That ting'd the neighb'ring hills with light,  
 Or sported in the stream.

No peasants, wand'ring through the plains,  
 On sounds melodious hung,  
 All still, but where her love-lorn strains  
 Sweet Philomela sung.

To hear thy tender woes display'd,  
 Sweet songstrefs of the grove,  
 The melancholy Albert stray'd,  
 A prey to hopeless love.

Fast o'er his health's declining bloom  
 A wasting languor flew;  
 So noon-tide suns, with fervid beam,  
 Exhale the morning dew.

'Twas bright Elweena, matchless maid,  
 Whose beauties fann'd the flame;  
 And taught him 'neath the lonely shade,  
 In sighs, to breath her name.

In absence oft he sought relief,  
 And vow'd to love no more;  
 But absence sharpen'd ev'ry grief,  
 That pierc'd his soul before.

In equal pain Elweena sigh'd,  
 And mutual love express'd;  
 But, ah! her father's cruel pride  
 Forbade them to be bless'd.

Young Albert's innocence and truth  
 He could not disapprove;  
 But fortune plac'd the luckless youth  
 Beneath his daughter's love.

Such worth might well esteem inspire,  
 It almost won his praise;  
 But av'rice quell'd the kindling fire,  
 Compassion strove to raise.

Soft o'er the morn of Albert's life  
 Had fortune smil'd serene;  
 How bless'd the youth, till bitter strife  
 Revers'd the happy scene!

He with his widow'd mother dwelt,  
 In solitude obscure;  
 And every shock of fate she felt  
 He help'd her to endure.

Long since the fatal news had pass'd  
 The mourning village o'er,  
 That her brave husband breath'd his last  
 On India's distant shore.

But added to her hapless doom  
 Was now her Albert's grief;

M

She

She saw him wither in his bloom,  
Nor could she yield relief:

For, with a heart devoid of blame,  
He liv'd to joy no more;  
And now resolv'd, for wealth and fame,  
To search some foreign shore.

The night was come, the fatal night,  
Replete with tender pain;  
Doom'd, in his native land, the light  
Ne'er to behold again.

And now the pensive mourner stray'd,  
No gleam of hope he knew;  
He went to bid his charming maid  
A long, a last adieu!

As o'er her form, soft sorrow stole,  
Her thoughts you might descry;  
It seem'd as if her spotless soul  
Beam'd from her azure eye.

No more her cheek that glow express'd  
Which health had once display'd,  
While, careless, o'er her lily breast  
Her auburn tresses play'd.

Alas! she cry'd, and clasp'd his hand,  
And press'd it to her heart;  
And do the cruel Fates command?  
And must we, Albert, part?

We

We must, o'erwhelm'd in grief, he said,  
 We must, Elweena dear!  
 But, ere I go, afflicted maid,  
 Accept my vow sincere.

Whene'er through foreign lands I roam,  
 Whatever change I see,  
 Still, turning to my native home,  
 My heart shall dwell with thee.

He said, and o'er Elweena's breast  
 The briny torrent fell;  
 A thousand times her hand he press'd,  
 And bade as oft farewell.

They part, and through the mournful grove  
 Her maids Elweena bore;  
 Each cast a ling'ring look of love,  
 Till they could view no more.

Now softly o'er the dewy plain  
 Night's dusky shadows stole;  
 While anguish, love, and cruel pain,  
 Oppress'd young Albert's soul.

His mother, gently on his breast  
 Reclin'd her drooping head;  
 The weeping youth she fondly press'd,  
 And mutual sorrows shed.

While, strangers to each peaceful smile,  
 They mourn'd their luckless fate,



An aged pilgrim, spent with toil,  
Approach'd the cottage-gate.

The mournful youth, in humble plight,  
Address'd the rev'rend sage ;  
Who ask'd a shelter for the night,  
To rest his drooping age.

Full welcome to their humble shed,  
The hospitable pair  
With lib'ral hand the viands spread,  
And bade the stranger share.

With pain he mark'd the cruel grief,  
That prey'd on either heart ;  
Which (anxious to extend relief)  
He begg'd them to impart.

With livid cheek, and tearful eye,  
The pensive Albert rose,  
And told, but, oh! with many a sigh,  
The story of his woes.

His life, his birth, his father's name,  
His mother's tender care ;  
But, still more sad, the fatal flame  
He bore Elweena fair.

The good old man with transport flew,  
And press'd the youth, and smil'd ;  
He cried, Support me, heavens ! I view  
My long-lost wife and child !

'Twas

'Twas on no distant Indian shore  
 Thy father sunk to rest;  
 But now returns with ample store,  
 To make his Albert blest'd.

And thou, dear partner of my soul,  
 Whom oft my fancy drew;  
 Nor time, nor absence, could controul  
 The pangs I felt for you!

Then chase all sorrow from your breast,  
 Secure from bitter strife;  
 Myself will sooth to balmy rest  
 The ev'ning of your life.

He ceas'd; and to his constant fair  
 Enraptur'd Albert flew;  
 And left the long-divided pair,  
 To tell their joys anew.

The blissful news Elweena told;  
 And made her fire-relent;  
 Nor more to Albert's passion cold,  
 Nor more deny'd consent.

And when the azure-vested day  
 Dawn'd o'er the smiling land,  
 In mutual bliss, serenely gay,  
 They join'd the nuptial band.

MISS H. FALCONER.

SECT.

## S E C T. CXXXVI.

## THE LARK.

THE rising sun's enlivening ray  
 Dispell'd the gloom of night,  
 Each verdant field and flowery spray  
 With dew-drops twinkled bright.

The earliest of the feather'd throng,  
 As round all nature smil'd,  
 A woodlark tun'd his matin song,  
 In strains divinely wild.

O say, ye soft harmonious train,  
 Ye warblers of the grove,  
 Who taught you thus to pour that strain,  
 Or tune your voice to love?

The sweetest bird that e'er could sing,  
 Or flower that e'er could blow,  
 Alike to heaven's eternal King  
 Their bloom and music owe.

To him, ye birds, attune your lays,  
 For they to him belong,  
 And let your music sound his praise  
 In one concordant song.

MISS M. FALCONAR.

S E C T.

## S E C T. CXXXVII.

## ON GOOD HUMOUR.

**O**F pride and mad ambition we complain,  
 Destructive war and violence, in vain;  
 Ill temper's baneful influence o'er the mind  
 More pain creates than all those ills combin'd;  
 Bids social love in every bosom cease,  
 And clouds the beauteous beams of smiling peace;  
 Blasts every joy that blooms to sweeten life,  
 Embitters happiness and lengthens strife.  
 To calm the troubled breast, to soften woe,  
 To stop the tear misfortune taught to flow,  
 He, that surveys our griefs with pitying eyes,  
 Sent down the nymph Good-humour from the skies;  
 Her beauteous presence beams perpetual day,  
 The Loves and Graces in her person play;  
 The op'ning flow'rs bloom sweeter where she treads,  
 The faded blossoms lift anew their heads;  
 The lovely seraph waves her purple wing,  
 Diffusing all the balmy sweets of spring;  
 Bestows fresh beauties on the blooming vale,  
 And pours fresh fragrance on the spicy gale.  
 Observe the mansion where Good-humour dwells;  
 What heart-felt joy each blissful bosom swells!  
 The cheerful, happy father smiles to see  
 His playful offspring prattle round his knee;  
 Whilst the fond partner of his heart bestows  
 That joy which only from Good-humour flows.

MISS M. FALCONAR.



## S E C T. CXXXVIII.

## ON BENEVOLENCE.

THE charms of fair Benevolence I sing,  
 For her the muse shall wake the hallow'd lyre;  
 Soft as the dews of heaven, and mild as spring,  
 Bright emanation of her heavenly Sire.

Far from the pomp of courts she loves to dwell:—  
 Offspring of Pity, whither art thou fled?  
 To the dark dungeon, or the gloomy cell;  
 To raise some hapless mortal's drooping head!

For thou canst wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,  
 The joys of bright prosperity renew;  
 To thee, angelic maid, the struggling sigh,  
 Warm from the breast of gratitude, is due.

Ah! did the wealthy vicious few but feel  
 The bliss resulting from one well-spent hour;  
 Did they but know the tender task to heal  
 The soul just sinking 'neath affliction's show'r!

But thou, Benevolence, wast form'd to save,  
 To thee the art of succouring want was giv'n;  
 Thy hand can snatch her from the yawning grave,  
 And pluck the thorns that bar her way to heaven.

MISS M. FALCONAR.

## S E C T. CXXXIX.

## ON CONTENTMENT.

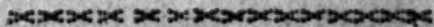
**C**ONTENTMENT, source of ev'ry earthly joy,  
 Without thee, what are riches, what is pow'r?  
 In vain shall grandeur, luxury, employ  
 Their pow'rs to please beyond the present hour.

'Tis not in courts that thou delight'st to dwell;  
 Contentment scorns the gilded roof of state;  
 But in the honest peasant's lowly cell  
 She lives retir'd, nor fears the storms of fate.

Parent of blooming health and gentle peace,  
 Thou soft companion of the guiltless breast,  
 When thou art absent, all our pleasures cease,  
 And each low care can interrupt our rest.

To thee, fair goddess, I devote these lays,  
 The free effusions of a youthful heart,  
 That scorns dissimulation's courtly praise,  
 The tongue of falsehood, and the pen of art.

MISS H. FALCONAR.



## S E C T. CXL.

## IN PRAISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RRIENDSHIP, sweet balm to ev'ry bleeding wound,  
 Sweet social pow'r, on earth but seldom found,  
 From

From heaven, like some phænomenon, appears,  
To sooth pale Grief, and stem her gushing tears.

Yet stays not here, but, like refreshing show'rs,  
Where'er she goes, the healing balsam pours ;  
And teaches the soft infant's lisping tongue  
To bless the donor as he goes along.

Yet Flattery oft assumes fair Friendship's name,  
And dwells full oft with folly, wealth, and fame ;  
But, when distress appears, the phantom flies,  
And from the ruin'd mansion turns her eyes.

When fortune frowns, if Friendship still remains,  
She sooths our woes, and mitigates our pains ;  
Her bounty wafts us to some friendly shore,  
Where pleasure reigns, and misery is no more.

MISS H. FALCONAR.



## S E C T. CXLI.

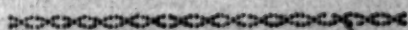
ON NOON.

'TIS sultry noon, and now the lab'ring swains,  
Fatigu'd with heat, forsake the sun-burnt plains,  
To take their cool repast beneath a shade,  
Of ancient oaks and spreading elm-trees made.  
The panting flocks lie stretch'd upon the mead,  
The lowing herds, grown faint, refuse to feed ;  
For Sol's bright lustre burns the verdant fields,  
And ev'ry herb beneath his influence yields.

The

The blooming flow'rs, beneath his fervid ray,  
 All droop their heads and sicken at the day :  
 The furrow'd fields resign their golden load,  
 And weighty teams o'erspread the dusty road :  
 The fattening poultry fill the stubbled land,  
 The feather'd tribe their flutt'ring wings expand ;  
 O'erjoy'd they fly to cull the scatter'd grain  
 By nature yielded to the russet plain.

MISS H. FALCONAR.



# S E C T. CXLII.

ON MIDNIGHT.

**N**OW Midnight o'er the earth her mantle throws,  
 The busy world is hush'd in soft repose.  
 Through parting trees the moon's pale lustre beams,  
 Or faintly glimmers o'er the crystal streams.  
 Beneath the poplar's shade, the nightingale  
 Tunes to the night her melancholy tale,  
 Till the shrill sky-lark, messenger of day,  
 Trills through the dusky clouds his matin lay.  
 'Neath their thatch'd roofs the peaceful peasants rest ;  
 No anxious care disturbs each guiltless breast.  
 In this still hour the wretch, o'erwhelm'd with woe,  
 From whose sad eyes unceasing torrents flow,  
 Pours his afflictions to the midnight gloom,  
 And weeps, and wishes for the silent tomb.

MISS H. FALCONAR.

S E C T.



## S E C T. CXLIII.

## THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

**H**OW fair the prospect opens to the eye,  
Where Flora's pencil marks the gay-dress'd  
ground ;

Where art and nature, emulative, vie  
To scatter rival beauties all around.

What vivid colours flush yon blooming rose,  
Whose fragrance floats upon the balmy gale !  
Queen of each flow'r that summer's hand bestows,  
From the fair lily to the primrose pale.

That lily blooms, in snow-white charms array'd,  
Yon lilac too, how sweet it scents the air !  
The gay carnation's lively bloom's display'd,  
To imitate the cheek of Jeffy fair.

The flow'ry pomp the beauteous larkspurs share,  
While mix'd with roses in that shelt'ring bower ;  
The fragrant woodbines quiver in the air,  
Distilling fragrance on some humbler flower.

With colours which these flow'ry tribes adorn,  
Say, can the artist's boasted skill compare ?  
No, Nature paints the crimson blush of morn,  
And forms these flowers inimitably fair !

MISS H. FALCONAR.

## S E C T. CXLIV.

## THE SOFA \*.

I Sing the *Sofa*. I who lately sang  
 Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe  
 The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,  
 Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,  
 Now seek repose upon an humbler theme ;  
 The theme though humble, yet august and proud  
 Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,  
 Save their own painted skins, our fires had none.  
 As yet black breeches were not ; fatten smooth,  
 Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile :  
 The hardy chief upon the rugged rock  
 Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'ly bank,  
 Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,  
 Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength.  
 Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next  
 The birth-day of invention, weak at first,  
 Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.  
 Joint-stools were then created ; on three legs  
 Upborn they stood. Three legs upholding firm  
 A massy slab, in fashion square or round.  
 On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,  
 And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms ;  
 And such in ancient halls and mansions drear  
 May still be seen, but perforated sore

\* A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind  
 from the author, and gave him the *Sofa* for a subject.

And

And drill'd in holes the solid oak is found,  
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refin'd  
Improv'd the simple plan; made three legs four,  
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,  
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuff'd  
Induc'd a splendid cover green and blue,  
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought  
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.  
There might ye see the piony spread wide,  
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,  
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,  
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright  
With nature's varnish; sever'd into stripes  
That interlaced each other, these supplied  
Of texture firm a lattice work, that brac'd  
The new machine, and it became a chair.  
But restless was the chair; the back erect  
Distress'd the weary loins that felt no ease;  
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part  
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,  
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.

These for the rich: the rest, whom fate had plac'd  
In modest mediocrity, content  
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides  
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,  
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,  
Or scarlet crewel in the cushion fixt,  
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd  
Than the firm oak of which the frame was form'd.  
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd



In Albion's happy isle. The umber flood  
Pond'rous, and fixt by its own massy weight.

But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say,  
An Alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd,  
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest  
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.  
But rude at first, and not with easy slope  
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,  
And bruise'd the side, and elevated high  
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.

Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged fires  
Complain'd, though incommodioussly pent in,  
And ill at ease behind. The Ladies first  
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex,  
Ingenious fancy, never better pleas'd  
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair,  
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd  
The soft settee ; one elbow at each end,  
And in the midst an elbow, it receiv'd,  
United yet divided, twain at once.  
So sit two kings of Brentford on the throne ;  
And so two citizens who take the air  
Close pack'd and smiling in a chaise and one.

But relaxation of the languid frame,  
By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,  
Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow  
The growth of what is excellent, so hard  
T' attain perfection in this nether world.  
Thus first necessity invented stools,  
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,  
And luxury th' accomplish'd Sofa last.



The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick  
 Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he  
 Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour  
 To sleep within the carriage more secure,  
 His legs depending at the open door.  
 Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,  
 The tedious rector drawling o'er his head,  
 And sweet the clerk below : but neither sleep  
 Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,  
 Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour  
 To slumber in the carriage more secure,  
 Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk,  
 Nor yet the dozings of the clerk are sweet,  
 Compar'd with the repose the *Sofa* yields.

COWPER.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. CXLV.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY ; AND A DESCRIPTION  
 OF THE SCENE.

OH may I live exempted (while I live  
 Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)  
 From pangs arthritic that infest the toe  
 Of libertine excess. The *Sofa* suits  
 The gouty limb, 'tis true : but gouty limb,  
 Though on a *Sofa*, may I never feel :  
 For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes  
 Of grassy swarth close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,  
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm  
 Of thorny boughs : have lov'd the rural walk

O'er

O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,  
 E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds  
 T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames :  
 And still remember, not without regret  
 Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,  
 How oft, my slice of pocket store consum'd,  
 Still hung'ring penniless and far from home,  
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,  
 Or blushing crabs, or berries that imbosh  
 The bramble; black as jet, or sloes austere.  
 Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite  
 Disdains not, nor the palate undeprav'd  
 By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems.  
 No *Sofa* then awaited my return,  
 Nor *Sofa* then I needed. Youth repairs  
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil  
 Incurring short fatigue ; and though our years,  
 As life declines, speed rapidly away,  
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes  
 Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,  
 A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees  
 Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;  
 Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot  
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,  
 That play of lungs inhaling and again  
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes  
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,  
 Mine have not pilfer'd yet ; nor yet impair'd  
 My relish of fair prospect : scenes that sooth'd  
 Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find  
 Still soothing and of power to charm me still.

N

And

And witness, dear companion of my walks,  
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive  
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love  
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth  
 And well-tried virtues could alone inspire—  
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.  
 Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,  
 And that my raptures are not conjur'd up  
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,  
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.  
 How oft, upon yon eminence, our pace  
 Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne  
 The rustling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,  
 While admiration feeding at the eye,  
 And still unsated dwelt upon the scene!  
 Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd  
 The distant plough slow-moving, and beside  
 His lab'ring team that swerv'd not from the track,  
 The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!  
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain  
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,  
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course  
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank  
 Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms  
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;  
 While far beyond and overthwart the stream  
 That as with molten glass inlays the vale,  
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds;  
 Displaying, on its varied side, the grace  
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,  
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells

Just



Just undulates upon the list'ning ear;  
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.  
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike  
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,  
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,  
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.

Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip  
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall  
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
In matted grass, that with a livelier green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,  
But animated Nature sweeter still,  
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.  
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes  
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl  
That hails the rising morn, have charms for me.



Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,  
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,  
And only there, please highly for their sake.

COWPER.

S E C T. CXLVI.

ON THE NECESSITY AND BENEFITS OF EXERCISE;  
AND THE SUPERIORITY OF THE WORKS OF  
NATURE TO THOSE OF ART.

**B**Y ceaseless action, all that is, subsists,  
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel  
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,  
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads  
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.  
Its own revolvency upholds the world.  
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
And fit the limpid element for use,  
Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,  
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd  
By restless undulation; ev'n the oak  
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm.  
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel  
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,  
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
He held the thunder. But the monarch owes  
His firm stability to what he scorns,  
More fixt below, the more disturb'd above.

The law, by which all creatures else are bound,  
Binds man the lord of all. Himself derives

No mean advantage from a kindred cause,  
 From strenuous toil, his hours of sweetest ease.  
 The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
 When custom bids, but no refreshment find;  
 For none they need. The languid eye, the cheek  
 Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
 And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
 Reproach their owner with that love of rest,  
 To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.

Not such th' alert and active. Measure life  
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,  
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.  
 Good health, and its associate in the most,  
 Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,  
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;  
 The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs;  
 Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them  
 With clear exemption from its own defects.  
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front  
 The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a grey beard  
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave  
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,  
 Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine  
 Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.  
 The love of Nature and the scenes she draws  
 Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,  
 Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,  
 Renounce the odours of the open field  
 For the unscented fictions of the loom;  
 Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,

Prefer to the performance of a God  
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand!

Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art,  
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire—  
None more admire—the painter's magic skill,  
Who shows me that which I shall never see,  
Conveys a distant country into mine,  
And throws Italian light on English walls.

But imitative strokes can do no more  
Than please the eye, sweet Nature ev'ry sense.  
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,  
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,  
And music of her woods—no works of man  
May rival these; these all bespeak a power  
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.  
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;  
'Tis free to all——'tis ev'ry day renew'd.  
Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.

COWPER.



## S E C T. CXLVII.

STORY-TELLERS AND JESTERS IN THE PULPIT  
REPROVED.

**H**E that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire

Pathetic



Pathetic exhortation ; and t'address  
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales,  
 When sent with God's commission to the heart.  
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip  
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,  
 And I consent you take it for your text,  
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail.  
 No : he was serious in a serious cause,  
 And understood too well the weighty terms  
 That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop  
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
 Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

Oh, popular applause ! what heart of man  
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?  
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
 Of all their caution in the gentlest gales ;  
 But swell'd into a gulf—who then, alas !  
 With all his canvass set, and inexpert  
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power ?

Braise from the riv'd lips of toothless, bald  
 Decrepitude ; and in the looks of lean  
 And craving poverty ; and in the bow  
 Respectful of the smutch'd artificer  
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb  
 The bias of the purpose. How much more  
 Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,  
 In language soft as adoration breathes !  
 Ah spare your idol ! think him human still.  
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too :  
 Doat not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

COWPER.



## S E C T. CXLVIII.

## ADDRESS TO DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

**D**OMESTIC Happiness, thou only bliss  
 Of Paradise that has surviv'd the Fall!  
 Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,  
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,  
 Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd!  
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,  
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect  
 To understand and chuse thee for their own.  
 But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss  
 Ev'n as his first progenitor, and quits,  
 Though plac'd in paradise (for earth has still  
 Some traces of her youthful beauty left),  
 Substantial happiness for transient joy.  
 Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse  
 The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest  
 By ev'ry pleasing image they present  
 Reflections such as meliorate the heart,  
 Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;  
 Scenes such as these, 'tis his supreme delight  
 To fill with riot, and defile with blood.  
 Emblem of Heaven, Domestic Happiness!  
 Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,  
 Or tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm  
 Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets  
 Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect,  
 Or temper, sheds into thy crystal cup;  
 Thou art the nurse of Virtue. In thine arms

She

She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,  
 Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again.  
 Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,  
 That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist  
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm  
 Of Novelty, her fickle frail support ;  
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change,  
 And finding in the calm of truth-tied love,  
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.  
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made  
 Of honour, dignity, and fair renown,  
 Till Prostitution elbows us aside  
 In all our crowded streets, and senates seem  
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less,  
 Than to release th' adulteress from her bond!

COWPER.

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S E C T. CXLIX.

THE COUNTRY PREFERABLE TO THE TOWN EVEN
 IN WINTER.

NATURE, enchanting Nature, in whose form
 And lineaments divine I trace a hand
 That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
 Is free to all men, universal prize.
 Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
 Admirers, and be destin'd to divide
 With meaner objects, ev'n the few she finds !
 Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flow'rs,

She loses all her influence. Cities then
 Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
 Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
 But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd
 By roses, and clear suns though scarcely felt,
 And groves if unharmonious, yet secure
 From clamour, and whose very silence charms,
 To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse
 That Metropolitan volcanos make,
 Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long,
 And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
 And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels?
 They would be, were not madness in the head
 And folly in the heart; were England now
 What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
 And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell
 To all the virtues of those better days,
 And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
 Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds
 That had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son:
 Now the legitimate and rightful lord
 Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd
 And soon to be supplanted.——
 Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon awhile,
 Then advertis'd and auctioneer'd away.

Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd
 By endless riot; vanity, the lust
 Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,
 As duly as the swallows disappear,
 The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town:
 London ingulphs them all. The shark is there,
 And the shark's prey. The spendthrift, and the leech
 That

That sucks him. There the sycophant, and he
That with bare-headed and obsequious bows
Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail
And groat per diem, if his patron frowns.

The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door,
" *Balter'd and bankrupt Fortunes mended here.*"
These are the charms that fully and eclipse
The charms of Nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe
That lean hard-handed poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,
That, at the sound of Winter's hoary wing,
Unpeople all our counties of such herds
Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loose
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes! in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor! thou freckled fair
That pleases, and yet shocks me! I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
Thy salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain.

S E C T. CL.

ADDRESS TO EVENING.

COME, Evening, once again, season of peace !
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow-moving, while the Night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.
 Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
 Like homely featur'd Night, of clust'ring gems ;
 A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
 Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers, nor worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift.
 And whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
 Or twining filken threads round iv'ry reels
 When they command whom man was born to please,
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

COWPER.

S E C T.

S E C T. CLI.

FALL OF SNOW IN THE EVENING.

HOW calm is my recess ! and how the frost
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
 The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within !
 I saw the woods and fields at close of day
 A variegated show ; the meadows green
 Though faded, and the lands where lately wav'd
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
 Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
 With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
 By flocks fast feeding, and selecting each
 His fav'rite herb ; while all the leafless groves
 That skirt th' horizon wore a sable hue,
 Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.

To-morrow brings a change, a total change !
 Which even now, though silently perform'd
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
 Of universal nature undergoes.
 Fast falls a fleecy show'r. The downy flakes
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
 Softly alighting upon all below,
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thick'ning mantle, and the green
 And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

COWPER.

S E C T.

S E C T. CLII.

THE WAGGONER ADDRESSED.

OH happy ! and in my account, denied
 That sensibility of pain with which
 Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou !
 Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
 The learned finger never need explore
 Thy vig'rous pulse ; and the unhealthful East,
 That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
 Thy days roll on exempt from household care ;
 Thy waggon is thy wife ; and the poor beasts,
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care :
 Ah treat them kindly ! rude as thou appear'st,
 Yet show that thou hast mercy, which the great,
 With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.

COWPER.

S E C T. CLIII.

THE LOVE OF RURAL OBJECTS IS NATURAL TO ALL,
 AND NEVER TO BE TOTALLY EXTINGUISHED.

'TIS born with all. The love of Nature's works
 Is an ingredient in the compound, man,

Infus'd

Infus'd at the creation of the kind,
 And though th' Almighty Maker has throughout
 Discriminated each from each, by strokes
 And touches of his hand with so much art
 Diversified, that two were never found
 Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
 That all discern a beauty in his works,
 And all can taste them : minds that have been form'd
 And tutor'd, with a relish more exact ;
 But none without some relish, none unmov'd.
 It is a flame that dies not even there
 Where nothing feeds it. Neither business, crowds,
 Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
 Whatever else they smother of true worth
 In human bosoms, quench it, or abate.

The villas, with which London stands begirt,
 Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame !
 Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town,
 A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
 That sooth the rich possessor ; much consol'd
 That here and there some springs of mournful mint,
 Of night-shade, or valerian, grace the well
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
 That Nature lives ; that sight-refreshing green
 Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,
 Though sickly samples of th' exuberant whole.

What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,
 The prouder fashies fronted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed

The

The Frenchman's * darling ? are they not all proofs,
 That man immur'd in cities, still retains
 His inborn inextinguishable thirst
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
 By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?
 The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,
 And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
 To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
 Yet feel the burning instinct : over-head
 Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
 And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands
 A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there ;
 Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
 The country, with what ardour he contrives
 A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease
 And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
 And harmless pleasures in the throng'd abode
 Of multitudes unknown, hail, Rural Life !
 Address himself who will to the pursuit
 Of honours, or emolument, or fame,
 I shall not add myself to such a chace,
 Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
 Some must be great. Great offices will have
 Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man
 The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
 That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
 Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
 To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
 He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, an heart

To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
 To monarchs dignity, to judges sense,
 To artists ingenuity and skill;
 To me an unambitious mind, content
 In the low vale of life, that early felt
 A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
 Found here that leisure, and that ease I wish'd.

COWPER.



S E C T. CLIV.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
 Till smoothe'd and squar'd and fitted to its place,
 Does but incumber whom it seems t' enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

SECT.

S E C T. CLV.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF MAN.

WHY did the fiat of a God give birth
 To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?
 And when descending he resigns the skies,
 Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
 Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
 And owns her pow'r on ev'ry shore he lav's?
 Why do the Seasons still enrich the year,
 Fruitful and young as in their first career?
 Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;
 Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
 Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
 Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
 Dye them at last in all their glowing hues—
 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
 Pow'r misemploy'd, munificence misplac'd,
 Had not its Author dignified the plan,
 And crown'd it with the majesty of Man.

COWPER.

S E C T. CLVI.

THE TEA-TABLE.

WHY female minds are overcharg'd with spleen,
 What forms ill-nature, and promotes chagrin;
 Why

Why Celia frets when Chloe is a toast,
 How fans are broke, and reputations lost,
 I sing : a theme how irksome, to explore
 Things unattempted and unknown before !

Ye virtuous wives, and antiquated maids,
 Who hate the plays, and shun the masquerades ;
 Ye wanton prudes, who can in secret sin ;
 You who are not, and you who once have been :
 To you alone my sage advice is due ;
 You rail at others, and I sing to you.

From eastern climes, and regions far away,
 Where earlier Phœbus paints the rising day,
 The source of spleen is brought ; a shrub how dear !
 (But nothing can be useful that is near)

Green are its leaves, and pleasant to the view,
 Nor boasts th' untrodden grass a fairer hue :
 I wist not what in Heav'n its name may be,
 'Tis known to mortal men by that of *tea*.

O'er rolling seas, thro' various dangers fought,
 At much expence this precious ill is bought :
 Unnumber'd fums the wearied merchant greet,
 And husbands tremble at th' approaching fleet.
 On this our nymphs of all degrees repast,
 For all degrees for mischief have a taste :
 On tea's pernicious poison they regale,
 An inspiration never known to fail.

The rites begin : Hence, ye profane, retire !
 Now absent characters in heaps expire ;
 Each nimble tongue's employ'd, and every ear :
 (For silence never is admitted here)
 Zealous they offer up each spotless name,
 And slay at once whole hecatombs of fame.

How

How alter'd is Belinda grown of late!
 How wan in face, how awkward in her gait!
 But should a form the force of spite withstand,
 Still they have reputation at command.
 Chloe has made a tedious country jaunt;
 Oh! 'tis convenient to go see an aunt.
 Where Clelia buys her washes is not known,
 But sure I am she lays them roundly on.

How much perverted now are female ways
 Since times of yore, and Bess's golden days;
 When hearty food for spleen was a relief,
 And dames of honour breakfasted on beef!
 With pond'rous joints the groaning boards were spread,
 And every damsel had her pound of bread;
 Then belles with belles, with toasts could toasts agree;
 They knew no scandal — for they drank no tea.

Take heed, ye Fair! your own condition know;
 Permit not beauty to be beauty's foe:
 From common enemies yourselves defend,
 And seem at least to be each other's friend:
 Our sex alone has spite enough in store,
 Nor need your joint endeavours furnish more.
 Virtue, alas! is blasted but too soon
 By midnight boasters and the lewd buffoon;
 Fops who, to slander you, themselves forswear,
 And think it merit to belie the Fair.
 Join not with these each other to betray,
 Nor let your own example point the way.
 If tea must flourish, let your theme be beaus,
 Pins, fashions, flounces, fops, and furbeloes.
 Excuse my forward zeal, who like a friend,
 While I presume to counsel, yet commend:

Heav'n

Heav'n did yourselves its master-piece decree ;
Ye would be angels, could ye but agree.

THURSTON.

S E C T. CLVII.

THE CHOICE.

SINCE, my Chloë, you ask me, what life I would
choose,

I prithee distrust not the truth of my muse.
Tho' I tell you in rhyme, yet believe me sincere,
I'll speak in plain terms : have the patience to hear.

To thyself, thy dear self, are my wishes confin'd ;
I sigh for your person, but doat on your mind :
So easy your conduct, your wit, and your air,
'Tis the meanest perfection you have, that you're fair.

I'd repine not at fortune, abounding or small,
Since without thee is nothing, and with thee is all :
For a needful support ne'ertheless I would move ;
'Tis hard for a lady to live upon love.

To the town with content I could soon bid adieu ;
I find its politeness all centred in you :
To some quiet retirement we both would repair ;
Your joy my ambition, your pleasure my care.

Thus, my angel, our lives would roll gently away,
And love be the business alone of the day :
One article more will complete my design ;
That this may be your wish, as much as 'tis mine.

S E C T . CLVIII.

THE TOILETTE.

WHAT mystic arts support a female reign,
 What various engines form the toilette's train,
 I sing. Ye fair! ye young! protect my lays,
 Be yours the profit, and be mine the praise.

Thou, Vanity! whose universal sway
 Alike the cynic and the fop obey,
 Who, widely potent, bear'st an equal rule
 O'er birth-night balls, and Aristotle's school,
 Forake thy glitt'ring shrine; and, for a while,
 On labours destin'd to thy service smile.

If to perfection you the head would dress,
 In all its ornaments avoid excess;
 Load not with toys what Nature has design'd
 The noblest structure of the human kind.
 Why all around should flutt'ring lappets play,
 Or ribands glare, unprofitably gay?
 Then, light, and easy, should the cov'ring be,
 As not design'd for show, but decency.

Oft have I seen some young unthinking fair,
 With flow'rs and diamonds load her flowing hair.
 Reject this needless task, nor vainly hide
 Your lover's glory, and your sex's pride.
 When the full tresses, with bewitching grace,
 In swelling ringlets wanton o'er the face,
 Or, by the bodkin's forceful art confin'd,
 With shining sable grace the neck behind;
 Say, why should flow'rs their gaudy folds display,
 Or the vain brilliant dart its feeble ray?

As, rising grass adorns some tender mead,
 When genial springs the wintry blasts succeed;
 As the soft rose bedecks the florist's ground,
 And smiles, superior of the sweets around;
 Such are the honours of the virgin's hair,
 And such the charms resistless ringlets bear:
 How sure they tempt us, and how much excel,
 Let fair Belinda's loss for ever tell.

Blest be the girl who, by uncommon hap,
 First found the beauties of the round-ear'd cap!
 That dapper coif adorns, with matchless grace,
 As well the youthful as autumnal face.
 This knows the fraudulent harlot, and with care
 In this will oft her shatter'd form repair.
 In riding vest she stands demure and meek,
 While seeming innocence adorns her cheek:
 Vers'd in destruction! studious to betray!
 The hapless 'prentice falls her easy prey.

How does the Quaker's modest garb invite?
 Her well-quill'd cambrick strikes the judging sight:
 The grace of decent dress the Sisters know,
 And aim with judgment at the broad-brimm'd beau.

Would you in flow'r of health and charms surpass,
 Consult your saddle more, and less your glass.
 Let the soft beau, in close machine confin'd,
 Peep cautious out, and tremble at the wind:
 Be yours to press the steed, with loosen'd rein,
 O'er gently rising hills, or level plain:
 So with new lustre shall your beauties glow,
 Fresh lilies spring, and op'ning roses blow.
 Though, long before, each vernal blush was fled,
 The eyes o'ercast, and the complexion dead;

Though

Though various doctors had employ'd their skill,
 And, impotent to cure, delay'd to kill;
 This shall again the sprightly red renew,
 And youth and beauty reassume their due :
 O'er thy pale cheek the mantling bloom shall move,
 And each fair feature flush with rising love.

And now, ye Fair, my finish'd task forgive ;
 Propitious smile, and let these labours live.
 As sage Astronomers, for praise or pay,
 Thro' human eyes the heav'nly orbs survey ;
 And wisely frantic in deluded schools,
 To wanton planets fix fictitious rules ;
 While they at random run their fiery race,
 Beyond the reach of mortal wit to trace :
 So I, with equal impotence of mind,
 Have studied laws to fetter womankind.

Again, ye Fair, forgive ; but chiefly *Thou*,
 To whom alike in prose or rhyme I bow ;
 More would I prize, for these unpolish'd lays,
 Thy single pardon, than a kingdom's praise.

THURSTON.

S E C T. CLIX.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

WOULD youth consider what depends on dress,
 Complaints of slighted merit would be less :
 In all professions, since the world began,
 The useful habit typified the man.

How

How bow the gaping crowd submissive down,
 When the huge Doctor ruffles in his gown!
 The preacher's self is heeded but by few,
 Men think their patience to his habit due.
 By breadth of band the lawyer gets his fee,
 For what cravat can be so wise as he?
 In lace the mountebank harangues the crowd,
 His jacket gaudy, as his nonsense loud.
 Dress aptly judg'd shall pass for sterling skill,
 Alike in law, divinity and pill.

Would you be sure to please the judging eye,
 Still let your habit with your age comply.
 Does not the earth this lesson well express?
 Observe her changes, and like Nature dress.
 Mark when December, sullen and severe,
 With wintry blasts deforms th' expiring year:
 From the keen season, shelter'd by the snow,
 Unseen, and safe, her tender harvests grow.
 But when the Spring, elate with youthful grace,
 Thro' kinder skies pursues his glorious race,
 Her conscious vales the fruitful blessing greet,
 Her buds expanded smile beneath the heat;
 Soft op'ning flow'rs their balmy sweets display,
 Court the warm sun, and wanton in his ray.

The beardless stripling just arriv'd at age,
 Frequents the church, the ring, the mall, and stage,
 With like contempt, his wand'ring eyes survey
 Religion, beauty, company, and play:
 Collected in his clothes he stands alone,
 Nor seeks to be esteem'd, but to be known.
 In man confirm'd a different view appears,
 The thirst of gain increases with our years:

O

No

No more the wild extravagant you see;
 We dress for use alone, and decency:
 Or wealth, or fame, 'tis now our task to win,
 And all the vanity retires within.
 To glitt'ring baubles we devote our prime,
 And what does rip'ning age but change the crime?
 The man transform'd at diff'ring times survey,
 Now meanly sordid, once profusely gay.

As where the bridge the foaming Thames divides,
 What various prospects crown the parted sides!
 What gewgaws in his infant waters flow,
 What weightier burdens crown his deeps below!
 There, far beneath, with wealth, and plenty gay,
 The loaded vessels ride in proud array;
 Whence the vain trader quits the faithful shore,
 Curst with his much, yet eager still for more;
 While cares and fears his anxious hours divide,
 A wretched prey to avarice and pride:
 So flows the stream of life, a restless wave;
 So rolls a motley torrent to the grave.

The sons of Galen, anxious for a fee,
 In dress consult an artful gravity.
 They nor affect the martial queue to wear,
 Nor choose the dapper bob's assuming air;
 The copious knot adown their shoulder flows,
 And free from powder hang their well-brush'd clothes.
 With looks demure they grasp the golden bait,
 And issue mandates in arrest of fate:
 Feather and lace with reason they despise,
 Well knowing to be grave is to be wise.
 Tho' Phœbus pride him in his summer show,
 And blend in one the doctor and the beau,

To

To mortal wights no pattern yet is he;
The Gods take greater liberties than we.

Yet think, O Youth, while youth maintains its prime,
Is dress a tribute to be paid to time?
So low, so trifling is the vain employ,
You nor improve the moments, nor enjoy.
O! think, when age shall press thy hoary head,
And dance, and dress, and nonsense all be fled;
When thy dim eyes diseases shall disarm,
When lace, when beauty, can no longer charm,
What gleaming joys shall cheer thy close of day,
Or where's the comfort to have once been gay?

Thus Folly flies with all her painted train;
But sacred Wisdom shall unhurt remain.
O Goddess! ever fair, and ever young,
As Venus gentle, yet as Atlas strong;
O may thy pow'r my latest steps attend,
When lace shall tarnish, and when curls unbend!

THURSTON

S E C T. CLX.

ON CELIA DEPARTING.

I.

TOO soon, alas! she takes her flight,
And with her all we prize;
The flow'ry lawns no more delight,
No more the shady trees invite,
Bereft of Celia's eyes.

O 2

II. The

II.

The silent streams that us'd to flow,
 Soft gliding thro' the plain,
 In troubled murmurs speak their woe,
 And by their restless current show
 They seek the fair in vain.

III.

Soon as the cheerless mornings rise,
 And streaks of day appear,
 Anxious, I blame th' enlighten'd skies,
 Which only serve to show my eyes,
 That Celia is not here.

IV.

Since thou, bright cruel maid, art fled,
 No marks of joy are seen ;
 No more the roses glow with red,
 No more the lily lifts its head,
 Nor are the valleys green.

V.

So quits the sun the western sky,
 So we his absence mourn :
 Like him, you gladden every eye ;
 And as too soon, like him, you fly,
 Like him again return.

THURSTON.

S E C T.

S E C T. CLXL

ON YOUTH.

SWEET Youth, sweet smiling nymph, divinely fair,
 Source of all joy, and foe to every care;
 With whom full many a summer's sunny morn,
 While yet the dew-drop glittered on the thorn,
 I've sought the cliff, or in the flowery vale
 Imbib'd the fragrance of the evening gale!
 Fair fugitive, whose eye of heavenly blue
 And rosy cheek no longer bless my view;
 Whose loved idea, which can never fly,
 Wakes the fond wish, and heaves the fruitless sigh,
 Thy sweet remembrance now the song inspire,
 And touch the lover with a poet's fire!

What brighter genius, what distinguish'd name
 Shall lend its lustre to the pleasing theme?
 Lives there a man that with superior art
 Sounds all the deep recesses of the heart;
 Calls up the genial hopes, the chilling fears;
 Now shakes with laughter, now dissolves to tears;
 Who, Proteus-like, at pleasure shifts the scene,
 Or old, or young, impassion'd, or serene?
 Still faithful to his aim, if such there be,
 Blest child of Nature, Garrick, thou art he.
 Come then, a while forego the throng'd applause,
 Which never-erring judgment justly draws,
 And with the light, the gay descriptive muse,
 While pleas'd her airy travel she pursues,
 Recall the happy scene which once was ours,
 The smiles, the graces, and the jocund hours,

With whom we frolick'd in our early day,
 When Pleasure fill'd her cup without allay.
 From every quarter of earth's peopled sphere,
 See at the Muse's call what crowds appear,
 Eager alike to run life's little span,
 The gay, the reckless progeny of man.
 Ah, happy race! far happier than they know,
 Light as the summer breeze, first bid to blow,
 Unceasing as the busy tribes on wing,
 That roam the blossoms, and despoil the spring,
 Along the verge of that fair seeming hill,
 Where life ascends, and Hebe sports at will,
 They move, nor mark upon the neighbouring heights
 What envious eyes o'erlook their young delights;
 Suspicion, Rumour with uncertain stare,
 And farther up the fiend sharp-visag'd Care.
 Blest ignorance! to partial views confin'd;
 Where sight would injure, who would not be blind?
 Young is the sense, enjoyment in its spring,
 Hope yet unbroken, fancy on the wing;
 The jest, the easy laugh, the wanton wile,
 And antick trick which mocks with harmless guile,
 These are the sweets their youthful morn bestows,
 The bloomy flush of health, and sound repose:
 Thrice happy! whom no greater cares employ
 Than for to-morrow's sure returning joy.

HARTSON.

S E C T.

S E C T. CLXH.

ON THE AMUSEMENTS OF YOUTH.

STILL as the eye wide wanders o'er the green,
 New aims, new objects, crowd the changeful scene,
 Here rise the mimic works of warlike hands,
 There in mock fight engage the marshal'd bands;
 Here too the painted galley meets the view,
 Along the shores exult the admiring crew,
 While o'er the lake it spreads its silken sails,
 And all its streamers feel the rising gales.
 Nor frown, ye wise, if wisdom deign to hear,
 Because such artless trifles meet the ear.
 The rose so loved must bud before it bloom;
 And yonder oak, that spreads so wide a gloom,
 Beneath whose arms the flocks and herds repose,
 His full-grown honours to an acorn owes.
 In this fair field are sown the seeds of fame,
 In each young bosom lives its native flame,
 Which through these trifles breaks with early ray,
 These but the dawns of their brighter day.
 In peaceful councils this shall gain renown,
 For that Bellona wreathes the warlike crown:
 He too, who gave his galley to the breeze,
 One day may hold the empire of the seas;
 And now, even now elate with fancied power,
 Enjoys the glories of the future hour.

Thus roll the months and years, a golden round,
 With peace their nights, their days with pleasure
 crown'd,

Nature mean time, industrious to fulfil
 The dictates of her mighty Master's will,
 The well-beloved task incessant plies,
 And sees the work in fair proportion rise;
 Acts with new vigour on the conscious soul,
 Each part enlarges, and informs the whole.
 As when the stream first issues from its source,
 A gentle brook it murmurs without force,
 Plays through the pebbles, and with silver maze
 By many a flower and bending willow strays,
 Till with fresh tributary stores supplied
 It pours into the main a copious tide;
 Thus swells the stream of life; while evermore
 Impatient youth regards the wider shore,
 Where man's adventurous bark with sails unfurl'd
 First tries the deep, and launches on the world.

Pass'd is the dawn, the boyish hours are fled,
 And lo the stripling rears his radiant head,
 With front erect and brightly beaming eye,
 Fresh as the star which gilds the ev'ning sky.
 As the young plant, the favourite of some fair,
 Her early solace, and her later care,
 Uprising soft, with living verdure crown'd,
 Puts forth its blooms, and spreads its fragrance round;
 Flush'd with the gift of health, sweet rosy hue,
 Thus breaks the riper stripling on the view;
 In all the pride of youth he stands display'd,
 Nor dreams that beauty blossoms but to fade.
 Blest season! brightest in life's varied year,
 Too soon, alas! thy verdures disappear;
 Too soon thy roses wither in the wind,
 And leave the sharp unsightly thorn behind.

Mean

Mean time from violet beds and wreathed bowers
 Advance the graces and the smiling hours,
 With yonder son of hope to sport and play,
 And crown the revels of his flowery May.
 No more of artless words, which on the tongue
 With untaught lisp erewhile imperfect hung;
 Proud of his opening reason, nor less vain
 Of stature that o'er-tops the younger train,
 He glances on them with averted eye,
 Admires himself, and walks superior by.

Now glows the bosom with more potent fires,
 Teems with new projects, throbs with new desires;
 Robuster sports the stripling youth employ,
 And all his soul is up for manly joy.
 Now to the well-replenish'd fields he hies,
 Sometimes the plain, sometimes the woodland tries,
 Where haunts the partridge, or the timorous hare,
 And where the lapwing beats the sounding air;
 O'er hill, o'er dale, by lake or river toils,
 And late returns exulting in his spoils:
 The cheerful glass, the lengthen'd tale succeeds,
 And all the game again in fancy bleeds.
 Sweet are the slumbers that from toils arise,
 More sweet the bliss which innocence supplies;
 Light from his couch and well refresh'd he springs,
 What time the lark the lively summons sings;
 New joys invite him forth, the dewy morn,
 The hound wide opening to the high-ton'd horn,
 The stag unharbour'd, and the madding throng
 With furious emulation borne along;
 O'er the swift steed Actæon-like he bends,
 And with the masters of the chace contends.

Thus speeds the morn; now sits the sun on high,
 And a fierce lustre breaks thro' all the sky;
 Parch'd are the flowers and blossoms, all around
 The panting flocks lie scatter'd o'er the ground,
 And from the reach of Phœbus' sultry fires
 Imbower'd the visionary muse retires.
 Not thus the glowing youth; he on the shore,
 Where breezy waters spread their grateful store,
 Forthwith disrobes, and in the midway flood
 Allays the tumult of his boiling blood.
 Too daring thou, thus fond the deep to brave,
 Be taught the dangers of the insidious wave;
 It chills, relaxes, deadly cramps assail;
 Ah what shall then thy boasted art avail,
 When with exhausted limbs thou striv'st in vain
 To reach the shores thou never shalt regain?
 Such was Ambrosio's, such Endymion's doom,
 Oh early lost in youth's ethereal bloom!
 Twin brothers they, the only lov'd remains
 Of many sons that paid a mother's pains.
 Ill-fated dame! to early sorrows bred,
 The wretched mourner of a widow'd bed,
 Whose lord the chance of battle snatch'd away
 Ere yet the double off-spring saw the day:
 But now the blooming pair her hopes renew,
 In these she seems again her lord to view;
 Their filial piety, their rising years
 Sooth all her losses, and assuage her tears.
 'Twas on a day, the feverish heat to cool,
 They sought the windings of the well-known pool,
 Along whose margin flowers were thickly spread,
 And many a poplar rear'd its graceful head.

Like

Like two fair swans elate in youthful pride
 They breast the waves, and roll the deep aside;
 They sport, they toss, now vanish, now appear,
 Fate overlooks them with malignant leer.
 Ambrosio now the safer shore had gain'd,
 Endymion still within the flood remain'd;
 Full oft the former chid his long delay,
 In vain, Death challenges the destin'd prey:
 Chill torture now had seiz'd on all his frame,
 Ambrosio saw, he heard, the fearful scream;
 What doubts, what thrilling woes the youth surpris'd!
 What boding horrors in his bosom ris'd!
 Swift to relieve into the deep he drove;
 Ah! sad requital of fraternal love!!
 Exhausted, faint, Endymion round him clings,
 And mars the generous aid his friendship brings.
 Vain are all efforts, in th' embrace he holds,
 Fate ratifies th' indissoluble folds;
 Nor can or youth find grace, or beauty save
 The tender victims from a watery grave;
 At once they sink, and once again they rise,
 The deep at length ingulfs the precious prize:
 Hail, hapless pair! ye names for ever dear,
 Whose sad remembrance draws the painful tear;
 Lov'd youths, companions of my brighter days,
 These mournful rites the song of friendship pays;
 So may the song survive when I decay,
 Nor die like you, the blossom of a day!

But see, the sun declines, a fresher breeze
 Breathes on the flowers, and rustles thro' the trees;
 Far in the vale, where calm retirement dwells,
 'Mid solitary rocks, and moss-grown cells:

O'erhung with shade, that breaks the evening beam,
 Now plies the youthful angler on the stream;
 Marks the crisp'd waters with attentive eye,
 And cautious flings the well-dissembled fly.
 Meantime his toils are sooth'd with various sounds,
 The mingled musick of the rural grounds.
 The thrush's mellow note, the lark's more shrill,
 The woodman's echo from the neighbouring hill,
 While oft the cuckoo from the steepy wood
 Cheers the soft murmurs of the nether flood.
 Thrice happy youth, to whom is given such joy!
 Thrice happy, whom such guiltless sports employ!
 Such were the dear delights that once were mine,
 And such the scenes, lov'd Erne, which still are thine.
 Fairest of floods! with whom my youthful day
 Smooth like thyself stole unperceiv'd away;
 Blest days! when near thy ample wave I rang'd,
 To all the busy cares of life estrang'd;
 When up the breezy hill each morn I flew,
 And airy youth gave rapture to the view,
 The sunny mead, the love-inviting bower,
 The rush-clad hamlet, and the ruin'd tower,
 Thy numerous isles, with waving verdure crown'd,
 And azure hills, the landscape's distant bound.

But turn we now where other prospects rise,
 Proud structur'd domes, that shade the lessening skies,
 The city's splendour, and the motley throng,
 By business or by pleasure urg'd along;
 The scene we vary, not the purpos'd aim,
 For nature in all places is the same:
 The rustic, and the citizen we see
 In manners differ, but in soul agree;

They

They love, they hate, to wrath alike give way,
 And hopes and fears by turns their bosoms sway;
 Alike the passions live in every mind,
 And spread their empire over human kind.
 But here within the city's ample round,
 Where opulence, and men, and arts abound,
 All shoots more forward, nature earlier blooms,
 And sooner youth the port of man assumes;
 Superior in each polished art appears,
 And thinks, and talks, and acts beyond his years.
 Here then amid this fruitful scene of things,
 The pride of riches, and the pomp of kings,
 Let's mark his motions as the soul expands,
 And on the verge of manhood nature stands.

HARTSON.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. CLXIII.

ON THE PASSIONS OF YOUTH.

TILL now unnoted, or but dimly seen
 While the first spring reveal'd its fainter green,
 Come forth the passions, nor come forth in vain,
 An ever wakeful, and imperious train,
 Swift agents, full of Heaven's ethereal fires,
 Whose magic touch to instant act inspires;
 A giant host they march with fearless van,
 Mount up, and take the little fort of man;
 Pride, envy, hatred, wrath with fiery glare,
 And fell revenge, that knows not how to spare;

A numerous

A numerous throng which follow without names,
 Toss their fierce brands, and spread the works in flames.
 Thus when the darts of sultry Sirius fly,
 And sudden horrors oft involve the sky,
 From the dark riven cloud the thunder rolls,
 And frequent flashes wrap the blazing poles;
 At once the loosen'd winds impetuous sweep,
 Roar through the forest, and upheave the deep;
 Weak to resist the reeling bark gives way,
 Rolls with the billows, and admits their sway:
 Such the mix'd tumult now that inly swells,
 And such the force of passions which impels.

But this outrageous phalanx to controul,
 Their heat to temper, and to sooth the soul,
 In sweeter notes Love sounds his soft alarms,
 And Beauty stands reveal'd in all her charms;
 Aw'd by her look their terrors they resign,
 Compose their rage, and own the form divine.
 What hopes, what fears, what mix'd emotions rise!
 What pleasing anguish now the bosom tries!
 Blest raptures! never to be twice enjoy'd,
 When all is novel, and the sense uncloy'd,
 Ere blooming youth, unconscious of alloy,
 Has prov'd the fallacy of human joy.

With love, and earlier oft than love, desire
 Wakes in the soul a loose ungovern'd fire,
 That quick thro' all the vital frame obtains,
 Flames in the heart, and revels in the veins;
 Dethrones fair wisdom, and assaults the shrine
 Where dwell the virtues, and the graces shine.
 Soft is the voice, persuasive are the smiles
 With which the mercenary fair beguiles:

How

How bright the dome that wooes the passing eye!
How sweet the odours which around it fly!

Airs too, *Æolian* airs, salute the ear,

And happiness, and heaven itself seems near—

Turn, generous youth, nor let the love-tun'd lay

Of *Thais* lure thy heedless steps astray;

Fly, fly the forceless, fly her tainted charms,

Remorse, disease, and death are in her arms.

But other powers, should wily *Thais* fail,

More fatal oft the youthful sense assail.

Gay blooming, fresh with never-fading green,

Here *Bacchus* opes the jocund nightly scene,

Through the glad circle breathes his social fires,

Cheers with false hopes, and fills with vain desires,

Quick flies the jest, with laughter loud repaid,

And many a chorus echoes through the shade;

Till flush'd, and pregnant with the purple god,

As when of old the potent mystic rod,

Wav'd high in air, with frenzy fir'd the throng,

And the loud *Io* swell'd the barbarous song;

At once they rouse, at once their shouts ascend,

And war and tumult o'er the town impend,

Unhappy wanderer! doom'd to certain woes,

Whose steps these sons of *Belial* now oppose!

Thrice hapless he, the youth whose fairer fame

Such wild excesses soil with early shame!

In some lewd quarrel, haply not his own,

This fatal night his force is overthrown;

Struck with base fears his false associates fly,

And leave him in th' inglorious cause to die.

Ah! what avail him now the joys of wine,

His social merits, and his form divine?

Seal'd are those lips, for ever mute that tongue
 On which this morn such sweet persuasion hung;
 The smiles, the graces, every charm is fled,
 And mortal paleness settles in their stead.
 In vain for him the fond expectant fire
 Counts the slow clock, and cheers the slumbering fire;
 In vain the anxious matron mounts on high,
 Looks forth, and often heaves the boding sigh;
 Far from her aid a bleeding corse he lies,
 And never more shall bless a parent's eyes.

Thus here while various ills from Bacchus flow,
 Mark well the close approach of yonder foe;
 Dark son of stratagem, who lives by spoils,
 Works in the shade, and nightly spreads his toils.
 Detested monster! whom no tears can bend,
 At war with all, to all a seeming friend;
 Who quotes the maxims of the truly wise,
 And feigns to damn the very art he plies;
 Who hugs him in the spoil his frauds have won,
 And turns to laughter those he has undone.
 See how to yonder youth he winds his way,
 Calls up his wiles, and meditates the prey:
 Short is the strife with such unequal foes,
 At every game a wealthy manor goes;
 Flocks, herds, and fields are lost beyond recall,
 And one finesse deprives the youth of all.
 What shall he do? an hopeless wretch he stands,
 No longer now the lord of many lands;
 Unhous'd, unpitied, fore'd to beg for bread,
 Perhaps from those his former fortunes fed;
 Or in the caverns of a jail to lie,
 There mourn his folly, and by famine die.

These

These are the changes nature now unfolds,
 And thus her favourite son his progress holds;
 Here range the virtues, there the vices stand,
 He weighs their worth, but with unequal hand;
 Warp'd in his choice the balance he suspends,
 And spite of odds the vicious scale descends.
 Now Vanity her playful part assumes,
 And tricks him out in all her gayest plumes;
 South, East, and West are sought with curious care,
 And Boreas wafts the fluttering youth a share.
 For him th' inventive artist hourly plies,
 Views every flower, and blends the varied dyes;
 He raves of fashions, gives th' important rule
 Which guides the mode of every mimic fool;
 Smiles, simpers, tosses his fantastic head,
 And strikes in thought each hapless fair one dead.
 Turn to the insect, youth, that art so vain,
 Then, if thou canst, thy folly still maintain;
 Dress'd by the summer sun from earth he springs,
 Opens his gay downs, and spreads his gold-drop'd wings;
 Turns every beauty to the sunny ray,
 And winnows with soft wing his easy way,
 Till from the North a sudden blast arise,
 Down drops the painted flutterer, and dies:
 Even such the frail condition, such the span
 Which circumscribes the little race of man,
 Offspring of earth, that blooms but to decay,
 The gaudy, glittering insect of a day.

Behold him now adrift, without a guide,
 Borne down where Pleasure rolls her rapid tide;
 Erroneous flood, that wide its wave expands,
 And in its progress views a thousand lands;

A thou

A thousand springs their copious urns supply,
 Swell the rich stream, and pour temptation by.
 What stir, what bustle, what a mighty throng
 Press to the shores, or urge the deep along!
 Nor youth alone, all ages, all degrees,
 Female and male the eye of fancy sees:
 For who from Pleasure yet e'er turn'd the eye,
 Despis'd the fair, and pass'd her beauties by?
 Deluding foreerefs! stor'd with every art
 To warp the judgment, and ensnare the heart,
 By thee seduced the warrior doffs his arms,
 And sells his laurels for thy softer charms:
 The merchant too, caught by thy wily train,
 Foregoes the rich, the golden hour of gain:
 Thee the fond youth his brighter genius styles,
 Hangs on thy looks, and lives but in thy smiles:
 Blest youth indeed, if in her smiles sincere
 His mistress were as constant as she's fair!
 Ah much misjudging, to the future blind,
 Who thinks that Pleasure always will be kind!
 Then when she sooths, when most her charms delight,
 Even then she meditates dishonest flight,
 Bids her false breast with well-feign'd raptures heave,
 And plays the fond one only to deceive.

HARTSON.

S E C T.

S E C T. CLXIV.

VERSES UPON MRS. CREWE.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
 By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
 Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face:
 Sure, philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
 Defences unequal to shield us from love.

Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell,
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
 My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
 And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes;
 That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
 Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.

Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belie,
 For who so at variance as reason and I?
 Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
 Oh no! for in this all the world must agree,
 One folly was never sufficient for me.

Is my mind on distrels too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
 For alike in this only, employment and pain
 Both slacken the strings of those nerves which they
 strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,

Has

Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.

But tho' vers'd in extremes both of pleasure and pain,
I'm still but too ready to feel them again:
If then for this once in my life I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For, though brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that
warms.

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendour we
praise;

So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.

HON. CHARLES FOX.



S E C T. CLXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

I.

WHEN first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I slept abroad
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here, and there, and every where,
Was like a morn in May.

II. I

II.

I had no care, nor fear of want,
 But rambl'd up and down;
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town.
 I still was pleas'd wher'er I came;
 And when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
 With John of * Badenyon.

III.

Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find;
 For love, they say, gives one a grace,
 And ev'n improves the mind:
 On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind fortune fix'd mine eyes;
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And I became her prize.

IV.

To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd, and swore
 As other lovers do;
 But when I came to breathe my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

V.

When Love had thus my heart betray'd
 With foolish hopes and vain,

* Badenyon is a village, from which the name of the air of this song is derived.

To Friendship's port I steer'd me next,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain:
 A friend I got, by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like *divine*;
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a friend was mine.

VI.

And now, whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait, I knew to whom
 I freely might apply:
 A strait soon came, I tried my friend;
 He heard, but spurn'd my moan;
 I turn'd about, and pleas'd myself
 With John of Badenyon.

VII.

The public then engross'd my thoughts,
 I would a patriot turn;
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson Horne;
 Their manly courage I admir'd,
 Approv'd their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen
 Maintain'd the public weal.

VIII.

But ere a month or two was past
 I found myself betray'd;
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made;
 For when I saw the factious rogues
 Insult the very Throne,

I curs'd

I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

IX.

What to do next I mus'd awhile,
Still hoping to succeed;
I fix'd on books for company,
And *gravely* tried to read.
I bought and borrow'd every where,
And study'd night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor writ,
That happen'd in my way.

X.

Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully thro' ev'ry page
I hunted after truth;
Ten thousand various schemes I tried,
But yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

XI.

And now, ye youngsters every where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below;
What ye may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
And girls, and friends, and books also,
You'll find them all the same.

XII.

Then be advis'd, and warning take
From such a man as me;

I'm neither pope, nor cardinal;
 Nor man of high degree;
 You'll find displeasure every where,
 Then do as I have done;
 Even tune your pipe, and please yourselves
 With John of Badenyon.

MR. SKINNER.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

S E C T. CLXVI.

THE POET.

BUT ah! how wretched is the poet's lot!
 If known, despis'd; if courted, soon forgot;
 Forc'd to exist, without the means to live,
 And glad to beg what Heav'n refus'd to give!
 O'er earth he roams, by nature unconfin'd,
 And cheats his body to enrich his mind;
 From various stores collects his little wealth,
 And gaining knowledge blasts the bloom of health.
 For something new to diff'rent climes he goes,
 O'er pathless deserts, or eternal snows;
 Explores the wonders of a foreign land,
 Imbibes instruction from a grain of sand;
 Surveys whatever meets his pensive eye,
 Tho' doom'd to live beneath a frowning sky.
 Yet when despis'd, deserted, and alone,
 He feels a transport to the world unknown;
 And oft, amidst his poverty and pain,
 Delighted muses o'er another's strain;

Or

Or gently rais'd by inspiration's fire,
With holy rapture sweeps the living lyre.

Each murm'ring stream that winds its mazy way,
Each flow'r that blooms, or hastens to decay;
Each insect basking in the noon-tide glare,
Each bird that flits along the liquid air;
Each waving tree, and ev'ry shrub that grows,
Some useful moral to his mind bestows;
Which, cloth'd in language, and adorn'd by art,
Steals thro' the ear, and settles in the heart;
Conveys a pleasure to the mind distressed,
And wakes each latent virtue in the breast.
If then the Bard, whilst human ills assail,
Can frame the tender yet instructive tale;
Improve the morals of the rising youth,
And stand a dauntless advocate for truth;
With glowing zeal the growth of vice control,
And rouse to noblest purposes the soul:
If this he dare, when pressing ills oppose,
And friends, by nature, are become his foes:
Justice exacts it as a meet reward,
The Great should stoop to patronize the Bard.

True worth once known, should never be forgot,
Tho' bred in want, and nurtur'd in a cot;
That worth may live, and strike the muse's lyre
With Virgil's sweetness, and a Homer's fire;
To thrilling raptures wake the feeling breast,
And blessing others, be completely blest.
Had Fortune hail'd me from a parent's womb,
I ne'er had sicken'd at my native home;
But plac'd in ease enjoy'd a happier state,
Exempt from all the rigid laws of fate;

Perhaps have taught some other bard to sing,
 And rose to glory on ambition's wing.
 Yet mark how different was my lot decreed,
 Condemn'd the paths of active life to tread;
 Those busy paths, where credit lives at stake,
 And nought but interest keeps the mind awake;
 Where pride and vice possess an equal sway,
 Where midnight revels close the fleeting day;
 Where modest worth by ev'ry dance is spurn'd,
 And attic wit to venal cunning turn'd.
 Such scenes as these ill suit the poet's mind,
 As free as light, as æther unconfin'd:
 From such he turns his ever-wakeful eye,
 And, wing'd by rapture, views the world on high!
 Would Heav'n, indulgent to my wishes, give
 The means by which a poet ought to live,
 Exulting then, I'd seek the cool retreats,
 Where simple nature yields her genuine sweets,
 Where genius loves to stretch its eagle wing,
 Like birds enraptur'd with returning spring;
 'Tis there the bard, to busy crowds unknown,
 His mind unfetter'd, and his time his own,
 With placid eye beholds the turns of fate,
 Aims at perfection in a fallen state;
 Looks with one glance thro' life's revolving maze,
 And, struck with wonder, could for ever gaze.
 When thus retir'd to some serene abode,
 He pens a weeping elegy or ode;
 In this with rapture bids our fancies rise,
 Thro' fields of æther, to the azure skies;
 Whilst sounds congenial in succession roll,
 And pour a flood of transport on the soul.

In that he breathes the melancholy moan,
 And wakes the heart to sorrows not its own;
 From pity's eye extracts the votive tear,
 While tales of anguish strike the list'ning ear:
 Thus o'er the passions bears resistless sway,
 And keeps the tenderest sympathies in play.
 Yet when some hero, on the doubtful field,
 Too weak to conquer, yet too bold to yield,
 With steady zeal the tyrant's rage defies,
 And fights for freedom, or for freedom dies;
 E'en then the bard, exulting, hears the tale
 In broken accents float on ev'ry gale;
 E'en then his muse, ambitious to recite
 What call'd him forth, or urg'd him on to fight,
 Conveys his fame in strains at once sublime,
 To after ages, on the tide of time:
 That other heroes, of illustrious birth,
 May nobly strive to emulate his worth;
 And, rous'd to arms by freedom's sacred fire,
 Live as he liv'd, or as he died expire.
 Thus oft the bard enlists in virtue's cause,
 Here deals out censure, and there gives applause;
 And tho' tis his, in living lays to tell
 How heroes conquer'd, and how tyrants fell;
 Yet as he finds his beating bosom glow
 With all the warmth which friendship can bestow,
 He shows that victories, earn'd in human blood,
 Conduce but little to the public good;
 That passive virtue is the noblest prize,
 And truth a pole-star to the good and wise.
 When genius rises from a clouded state,
 And spurning folly aims but to be great,

Let none in censure wantonly delight,
 Lest they should check it in its daring flight;
 And damp a portion of celestial flame,
 That glows unheeded in the mental frame;
 Which, timely notic'd, might have forc'd its way,
 And shone refulgent as the orb of day;
 Through error's mist have shot a kindling gleam,
 And lighting others, gain'd the world's esteem.

COLLS.

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 S E C T. CLXVII.

## AN HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING.

**A**RISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!  
 And praise th' almighty Sovereign of the skies;  
 In whom alone essential glory shines,  
 Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space  
 confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,  
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;  
 First, fairest offspring of th' omnific Word!  
 Which, like a garment, cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.  
 On liquid air he bade the columns rise,  
 That prop the starry concave of the skies;  
 Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,  
 And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,  
 To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky,  
 Impetuous tempests the command obey,  
 Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.  
 Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,  
 Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly

From

From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,  
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,  
And bade its centre rest for ever strong ;  
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain  
Assault the basis of the firm machine.

At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,  
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves ;  
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,  
And shoreless billows revel round the globe :  
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,  
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.  
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n  
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n,  
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,  
And in confusion scour their uncouth way ;  
And posting rapid to the place decreed,  
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.  
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside ;  
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,  
Restrain its rage ; whilst with incessant roar  
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow  
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow :  
Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,  
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,  
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,  
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,  
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide ;  
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay :

And while thy praise they symphonize around,  
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends;  
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:  
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,  
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:  
By genial fervour and prolific rain,  
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain;  
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,  
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,  
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.  
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,  
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:  
Her vines mature with fresh carnation glow,  
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.

Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,  
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.  
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,  
With artful toil their little domes prepare;  
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising  
care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,  
While timid conies scour the plains below,  
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night  
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;  
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,  
And taught the sun to regulate the year.  
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,  
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:

Then



Then from their dens, impatient of delay,  
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way,  
 Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their  
     frighted prey. }

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,  
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food !  
 To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies  
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes ;  
 He roars ; the desert trembles wide around,  
 And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,  
 And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn ;  
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,  
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.  
 Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,  
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest ;  
 Till grateful evening with her argent train  
 Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

“ Hail, Sov'reign Goodness ! all-productive Mind !  
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find ;  
 How various all, how variously endow'd,  
 How great their number, and each part how good !  
 How perfect then must the Great Parent shine,  
 Who, with one act of energy divine,  
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design ! }

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,  
 Unbounded goodness rises to my view ;  
 Nor does our world alone its influence share ;  
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,  
 Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,  
 And circles nature with a kind embrace.



The azure kingdoms of the deep below,  
 Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show :  
 Here multitudes of various beings stray,  
 Crowd the profound, or on the surface play :  
 Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,  
 And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore :  
 Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,  
 For the mild charms of cultivated life ;  
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,  
 And India joins in friendship with the pole.  
 Here the huge potent of the scaly train  
 Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,  
 An animated isle, and, in his way,  
 Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea :  
 When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,  
 Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,  
 Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,  
 The volley'd lightning, and the furling tide ;  
 And, while the wrathful elements engage,  
 Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.  
 All these thy watchful providence supplies,  
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes ;  
 For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,  
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face shouldst hide,  
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles denied,  
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,  
 And vents her grief in universal cries :  
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,  
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign ;  
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,  
 And all their hosts to native dust return.

But

But when again thy glory is display'd,  
 Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head ;  
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,  
 And life rekindles at the genial ray :  
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,  
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.

When time shall in eternity be lost,  
 And hoary nature languish into dust,  
 For ever young, thy glory shall remain,  
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.  
 Thou, from the regions of eternal day,  
 View'st all thy works at one immense survey :  
 Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend  
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,  
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies :  
 Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' almighty blow,  
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame  
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame ;  
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne  
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn :  
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,  
 And nature in full choir shall join around.

When, full of thee, my soul excursive flies  
 Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies ;  
 From world to world, new wonders still I find,  
 And all the godhead flashes on my mind.  
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight  
 To the deep bosom of eternal night,  
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay ;  
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay !

## S E C T. CLXVIII.

NATURE IS THE STANDARD OF TASTE AND  
CRITICISM.

**F**IRST follow Nature, and your judgment frame  
 By her just standard, which is still the same ;  
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,  
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
 Like force and beauty must to all impart,  
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.  
 Art from that fund each just supply provides ;  
 Works without show, and without pomp presides,  
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul  
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;  
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

Some to whom heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
 Want as much more to turn it to its use ;  
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
 'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed ;  
 Restrain his fury than provoke his speed ;  
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

POPE.

S E C T.



## S E C T. CLXIX.

SELF-CONCEIT BLINDS THE JUDGMENT.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride.  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind,  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of every friend, and every foe.

POPE.

## S E C T. CLXX.

A PRODUCTION SHOULD BE READ WITH THE SAME  
 SPIRIT THAT IT WAS WRITTEN.

A PERFECT judge will read each work of wit  
 With the same spirit that its author writ;  
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.



But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,  
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;  
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;  
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
 But the joint force, and full result of all.  
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)  
 No single parts unequally surprise,  
 All comes united to th'admiring eyes:  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,  
 Since none can compass more than they intend;  
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause in spite of trivial faults is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 T' avoid great errors must the less commit;  
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,  
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.

POPE.

SECT.

## S. E. C. T. CLXXI.

## ON STYLE, AND POETICAL NUMBERS.

**M**ANY for *language* all their care express,  
 And value books, as women men, for dress;  
 Their praise is still—the style is excellent;  
 The sense they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:  
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;  
 The face of nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:  
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,  
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
 Appears more decent, as more suitable.  
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,  
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:  
 For different styles with different subjects sort,  
 As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court.  
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,  
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense:  
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,  
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

But most by *numbers* judge a poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:  
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;

Who

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line it "whispers thro' the trees:"  
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"  
 Then at the last and only couplet, fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow:

Not



Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the  
main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
While at each change, the son of Lybian Jove  
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found;  
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound.

POPE.

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S E C T. CLXXII.

THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD CRITIC.

LEARN then what *morals* critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do :
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without *good-breeding*, truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy ;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

POPE.

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 S E C T. CLXXIII.

OF HORACE, QUINCTILIAN, AND LONGINUS.

**H**ORACE still charms with graceful negligence,  
 And without method talks us into sense ;  
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey  
 The truest notions in the easiest way.  
 He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,  
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,  
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire ;  
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.  
 Our critics take a contrary extreme ;  
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :

Non

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations,  
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

In grave Quintilian's copious works we find  
The purest rules and clearest method join'd:  
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,  
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,  
Still fit for use, and ready at command!

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,  
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.  
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,  
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

POPE.



## S E C T. CLXXIV.

INTELLIGENCE COMMUNICATED TO BELINDA IN A  
VISION, BY HER SYLPH, OR GUARDIAN-SPIRIT.

**F**AIREST of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!  
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought;  
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;  
Of airy elves by moon-light shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled green;  
Of virgins visited by angel-pow'rs,  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;  
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,  
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,  
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd :  
 What though no credit doubting wits may give ?  
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
 The light militia of the lower sky :  
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,  
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.  
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.  
 And now your own, our beings were of old,  
 And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould ;  
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.  
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,  
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;  
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.  
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,  
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.  
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first elements their souls retire :  
 The sp'rits of fiery termagants in flame  
 Mount up, and take a \* Salamander's name.  
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.  
 The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.

\* According to the Rosicrucians, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits; which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*.



The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,  
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

POPE.

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S E C T. CLXXV.

BELINDA AT HER TOILET.

AND now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear:
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil;
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;

See

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well dress'd youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE.

S E C T.

S E C T. CLXXVI.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD TEMPER MORE ENGAGING
THAN BEAUTY.

THEN grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began :
Say why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd ?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux ?
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows ?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains !
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face !
Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox or chas'd old-age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or, who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose ?
And, trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

POPE.



S E C T. CLXXVII.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast
 (What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
 While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings),
 A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
 And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes:
 In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
 There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
 Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
 There trees, and intermingled temples riſe:
 Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
 The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,

Like

Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw that other names deface,
 And fix their own with labour in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon that place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.

Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
 Like crystal, faithful to the graving steel:
 The rock's high summit in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade;
 Their names inscrib'd unnumbered ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;

Pale

Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play:
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky.
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands,
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

POPE.



S E C T. CLXXVIII.

ON THE CELEBRATED RUNNYMEDE, WHERE MAGNA
 CHARTA WAS SIGNED.

WHOE'ER thou art, if love of human mind
 Dwell in thy bosom—pause—nor let the pomp
 Of stately Windsor tempt thy foot from hence;
 Nor pleasure, or the busy calls of life

URGE.

Urge thee to quit this mead—ere thou reverse,
 Beneath the open sky, the power unseen—
 The guardian power of freedom.
 Here arose the majesty of England—here was fix'd
 The sacred law of liberty and life:
 And hence the commons, to their right restor'd,
 Became, indeed, a people; chang'd the yoke
 Of kings and barons, for the equal rule
 Of free consent: whilst Commerce, Science, Arts,
 Glory and Virtue hail'd th' immortal deed.

O! then revere the hallow'd soil that won
 England's great charter, whence progressive spring
 Order and peace, plenty, and every good
 Example to the world.—When thus inspir'd,
 How shall thine heart disdain the selfish pride
 Of arbitrary rule, by kings assum'd,
 Or nations! With what transport shalt thou claim
 Those men thy brethren (wherefoe'er on earth),
 Who know the value; and assert the cause
 Of self-dominion; nor will tamely quit,
 Or impiously invade the rights of men!

CAPEL LOFT

S. E. C. T. CLXXIX.

THE ANCIENT BRITON.

WHEN Rome's fierce chieftans, long withstood
 in vain,
 Had spread their conquering eagles o'er the land,
 They swept away her youthful warlike train,
 And rul'd the remnant with an iron hand.

Q

Long

Long they by tyranny their power maintain'd;
 In every clime their banners were unfurl'd;
 In every clime with blood their swords were stain'd,
 Deaf to the misery of a groaning world.

At length by luxury and vice subdu'd,
 The nations round, impatient of their yoke,
 In Roman blood, with joy their hands imbru'd;
 And, fir'd by freedom, from their bondage broke.

Then, as some fabric reaching to the skies,
 Whose base, unable to sustain its weight,
 Tumbles to atoms, never more to rise,—
 Fell the vast structure of the Roman state.

Soon as the Roman legions were withdrawn,
 The empire's dissolution to delay,
 The Britons, robb'd of hope's reviving dawn,
 Became to each rapacious foe a prey.

With grief they cast their anxious eyes around;
 The Saxon Brothers * offer'd them redress:
 From them a moment's flattering aid they found,
 But in the end whole ages of distress.

For they, enamour'd of the fertile prize,
 To solemn oaths disdaining all respect,
 Broke fiercely through such ever-sacred ties,
 And slaughter'd those whom justice hid protect.

Here many an age contentiously they reign'd,
 In separate states dividing out the land;

* Hengist and Horfa,

Till one superior sole dominion gain'd,
 And o'er the rest assum'd supreme command.
 At length the Dane, on this inviting coast,
 Pour'd forth his children like a mighty flood;
 A barbarous race, to nature's feelings lost,
 Who mark'd their steps with rapine and with blood.
 The Norman next, a chief of vast renown,
 To England's throne preferr'd a feeble claim;
 With daring hand he sought to seize the crown,
 While conquest saw, and sanctify'd his aim.
 From him a line of kings successive rose;
 Edwards and Henrys, names for ever dear!
 Whose martial prowess aw'd remotest foes,
 And struck contiguous nations pale with fear.
 Thy sons, O Gaul! have by their valour bled,
 When violated compacts rais'd their ire;
 Thy kings by them have been in bondage led;
 Thy proudest cities have been wrapt in fire.
 But not for arms alone was England fam'd;
 Here sacred Science rear'd with joy her head;
 Sweet Liberty each British breast inflam'd;
 And golden Commerce wide her treasures spread.
 Here bright Religion burst the fable chain,
 Which many ages she with grief had worn;
 When Superstition with her horrid train
 Before her fled, as darkness flies the morn.

• Egbert.

Q²

But

But though this Isle increas'd in wealth and power,
 And rose with such accumulated grace;
 Yet still her splendid, her meridian hour
 Was held reserv'd for Brunswick's royal race.

Sprung from her kings, to vindicate her laws
 The people's hopes were plac'd on them alone;
 They nobly came, asserted freedom's cause;
 And, fix'd by virtue, firmly fix'd the throne.

Already two * their glorious course have run,
 With laurels crown'd, and full of happy days;
 The third ascending like the morning sun,
 Beams o'er his subjects with auspicious rays.

Blest in a consort, whose illustrious mind
 Description fails in her attempts to sing;
 Blest in a blooming offspring, where, combin'd,
 The Loves, the Virtues, and the Graces spring.

Seest thou where proudly yonder spires † ascend;
 'Tis there the King, a Briton born, resides;
 Whose various isles and provinces extend
 As far as Ocean rolls his foaming tides.

But future times will best his deeds emblaze;
 When, free from guile, fair History shall contend
 With heav'n-born Poetry, who most shall praise
 The King, the Husband, Father and the Friend.

* George the First and Second.

† London.

Yet, in an empire of such vast extent,
 By faction led, rebellion will ensue;
 Extraneous wars no wisdom can prevent,
 Nor aught but manly fortitude subdue.

But soon, I trust, the era will appear,
 When kindred blood to flow around shall cease;
 When treach'rous Gaul shall shake with guilty fear,
 And proud Iberia supplicate for peace.

SHEPHERD.

S E C T. CLXXX.

TO MEMORY.

I.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain;

II.

Thou, like the world, th' oppressor oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

SECT.

S E C T. CLXXXI.

EPITAPH ON MR. PARNEL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnel's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to truth thro' pleasure's flow'ry way?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And Heav'n, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below:
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their Poet in the skies.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

S E C T. CLXXXII.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my Lord*, for your ven'son; for
 finer, or fatter,
 Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd on a platter:
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study;
 The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy!
 I had thought, in my chamber to hang it in view,
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of *Virtù*;
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;

* Lord Clare.

But,

But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let us pause—don't I hear you pronounce
 This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?

Well, suppose it a bounce; sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly:

But, my Lord, 'tis no bounce: I protest in my turn,
 'Tis a truth; and your lordship may ask Mr. Burne.

To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the haunch,
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch:

So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival Monroe's:

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the *how*, and the *who*, and the *where*, and the *when*:

There's Coley, and Williams, and Howard, and Hief—
 I think they love ven'son; I know they love beef:

But—hang it!—to poets, that seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat:

Such dainties to them! It *would* look like a flirt,
 Like sending 'em ruffles when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in *reverie* center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend—as he call'd himself, enter'd;

A fine-spoken custom-house officer he,
 Who smil'd as he gaz'd on the ven'son and me.

“What have we got here?—aye, this is *good eating*!

“Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”

Why, whose should it be, Sir? cried I, with a flourish;
I get these things often—But that was a bounce.

“If that be the case then,” cried he very gay,

“I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.”

“To

- " To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me.
 " No words—I insist on't—precisely at three.
 " And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
 " We wanted this ven'son to make up the dinner.
 " I'll take no denial—you shall, and you must ;
 " And my wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for crust.
 " We'll have Johnson and Burke ; all the wits will be
 there ;
 " My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
 " Here, porter ! this ven'son with me to *Mile-end*—
 " No words, my dear Goldsmith ! my very good
 friend !"

Thus, seizing his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having empty'd my shelf,
 And nobody with me at sea, but myself ;
 Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson and Burke, and a good ven'son party,
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his wife.
 So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine)
 My friend bid me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke could not come :
 " And I knew it," he cried ; " both eternally fail ;
 " The one at the House, and the other with Thrale.
 " But, I warrant for me, we shall make up the party,
 " With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 " The one is a *Scotchman*, the other a *Jew*,
 " Who dabble and write in the papers—like you :

" The

" The one writes the *Sharler* ; the other, the *Scourge* ;

" Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*."

While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,

They enter'd ; and dinner was serv'd as they came :

At the top a fry'd liver and bacon was seen ;

At the bottom was tripe in a swinging terrene ;

At the sides there was spinage and pudding made hot ;

In the middle—a place, where the ven'son was not.

Now, my lord, as for tripe, 'tis my utter aversion ;

And your bacon I hate, like a *Turk*, or a *Persian* :

But what vex'd me most was that damn'd *Scottish* rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, and similes, and his
brogue :

" And, madam," says he, " may this bit be my poison,

" If a prettier dinner I ever set eyes on !

" Pray, a slice of your liver ;—but may I be curst,

" But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst !"

" Your tripe !" quoth the *Jew*, " if the truth I may speak,

" I could eat of this tripe seven days in the week :

" I like these *here* dinners, so pretty and small ;

" But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."

" O ho !" quoth my friend, " he'll come on in a trice ;

" He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :

" There's a pasty."—" A pasty !" returned the *Scot* ;

" I don't care if I keep a corner for *that*."

" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out :

We'll all keep a corner, was echoed about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,

With looks quite astonishing enter'd the maid :

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,

Wak'd Priam, by drawing his curtains by night.

R

But

But too soon we found out (for who could mistake here)
That she came with some terrible news from the baker;
And so it fell out: for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the paffy, on shutting his oven.

Sad *Philomel* thus—but let similes drop;
And now, that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain then, my lord, 'tis but labour misplac'd
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something, a kind of discerning,
A relish, a taste, sicken'd over by learning;
At least 'tis your temper, 'tis very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake—and think slightly of this.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

S E C T. C L X X X I I I.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN ON THE PLAIN OF MONTENOT.

CHILL blows the blast, and twilight's dewy hand
Draws in the west her dusky veil away;
A deeper shadow steals along the land,
And Nature muses at the death of day.

Near this bleak waste no friendly mansion rears
Its walls, where mirth and social joys resound;
But each sad object melts the soul to tears,
While horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus alone and comfortless I roam,
Wet with the drizzling shower, I sigh
I cast a fond look tow'rd my native home,
And think what valiant Britons perish'd here.

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,
When carnage here her crimson toil began;
When nations' standards wav'd in threat'ning state,
And man the murder met the murder man.

For war is murder, tho' the voice of kings
Has styl'd it justice, styl'd it glory too;
Yet from worst motives fierce ambition springs,
And there, fix'd prejudice is all we view.

But sure 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,
For thousands every age in fight to fall;
Some natural cause prevails, we cannot see,
And that is fate which we ambition call.

O let th' aspiring warrior think with grief,
That, as produc'd by chymic art refin'd—
So glitt'ring conquest from the laurel leaf
Extracts a gen'ral poison for mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;
And mourn, like me, the ravages of pow'r,
And feel, like me, that vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell
My feeble verse with many a sounding name:

Of such, the mercenary bard may tell,
And call such dreary desolation, fame.

The genuine muse removes the thin disguise,
That cheats the world, where'er she deigns to sing ;
And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the poor foldier, as the mighty king.

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,
How Britain more than triumph'd tho' she fled,
Where Louis stood, where stalk'd the column flow ;
I turn from these, and dwell upon the dead.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave ;
Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate :
Why should they seek for greatness in the grave ?
Their hearts are noble, and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in war the brave excel,—
To valour ev'ry virtue is allied :
Here faithful friendship 'mid the battle fell,
And love, true love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas ! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins,
Bath'd in moist sorrow many a beauteous face,
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues :
Hard were that heart, which here could beat serene,
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But

But lo ! thro' yonder opening clouds afar
Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray
That bears thy name, *fiſtitious Lord of War !*
And with red luſtre guides my lonely way.

Then, *Fontenoy*, farewell ! yet much I fear
(Wherever chance my courſe compels) to find
Diſcord and blood :—the thrilling ſounds I hear,
The noiſe of battle ruſtles in the wind.

From barb'rous Turkey to Britannia's ſhore
Oppoſing int'reſts into rage increaſe ;
Deſtruction rears her ſceptre, tumults roar,
Ah ! where ſhall hapleſs man reſe in peace ?

POETRY OF THE WORLD.

=====

S E C T. CLXXXIV.

TO DR. JOHNSON, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AND
OTHER MEN OF GENIUS.

I LATELY thought no man alive
Could e'er improve paſt forty-five,
And ventur'd to aſſert it.

The obſervation was not new,
But ſeem'd to me ſo juſt and true,
That none could controvert it.

"No, Sir," ſays Johnſon, "'tis not ſo ;
"That's your miſtake ; and I can ſhew

"An

" An instance, if you doubt it ;
 " You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
 " May much improve — 'tis not too late —
 " I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
 I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
 Which way I should apply it ;
 Learning and wit seem'd past my reach ;
 For who can learn, when none will teach ;
 And wit, I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill ;
 You can improve me, if you will
 (My books are at a distance) :
 With you I'll live and learn, and then,
 Instead of books, I shall read men ;
 So lend me your assistance.

Dear * Knight of Plympton, teach me how
 To suffer with unruffled brow,
 And smile serene like thine,
 The jest uncouth, or truth severe :
 To such I'll turn my dearest ear,
 And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
 But genius too may be attain'd,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

By

By studious imitation;
 Thy temper mild, thy genius fine
 I'll copy, till I make thee mine
 By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing teach me, Garrick,
 Thou who reverest odes Pindaric
 A second time read o'er!
 Oh! could we read thee backwards too,
 Last thirty years thou shouldst review,
 And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express them,
 Gibbons shall teach me how to dress them
 In terms select and terse;
 Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
 Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
 And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place,
 In fairest light, each borrow'd grace—
 From him I'll learn to write;
 Copy his clear familiar style,
 And, from the roughness of his bile,
 Grow like himself—polite.

DEAN OF DERRY.

SECT.

S E C T. CLXXXV.

ON THE EXERCISE OF HUMANITY TOWARD THE
INSANE.

WHEN sovereign Reason from her throne is
hurl'd,
And with her all the subject senses whirl'd,
From sweet *Humanity*, the nurse of grief,
Ev'n thy deep woes, O *Phrenzy*! find relief:
For tho' the tresses loose, and bosom bare,
And maniac glance thy hapless state declare,
With gentle hand she still supports thy head,
Beguiles thy wand'ring wit, and smooths thy bed;
Assists thy roving fancy in its flight,
To crown thy airy sallies with delight;
An healing balm to thy warp'd sense she brings,
Till from her softness magic comfort springs,
And joys which reason with a frown denies,
Her tender pity with a smile supplies.
Ev'n in thy prison-house she bids thee draw
From the rush sceptre, and the crown of straw,
The mimic truncheon, and the love-knot true,
Full many a transport Reason never knew;
And at thy grated cell she oft appears,
She culls the flowers, and bathes them with her tears;
The perfum'd violet, and the blooming rose,
On thy hurt mind a transient bliss bestows;
Into a thousand shapes the garlands change,
As fairy Fancy takes its antic range;
Then as thy brows the fragrant wreaths adorn,
The roses seem to bloom without a thorn. PRATT,

THE END.

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